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# The Listener

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## Mr. Butler and the Trade Crisis

By RONALD BRECH

SINCE the war Britain has experienced a series of recurring trade crises—one every other year, in fact. First the crisis immediately after the war, when Britain negotiated the American loan. Then, in 1947, the convertibility crisis. Two years ago, devaluation of the pound. Now we have another, perhaps the most serious of them all. It is not so much that Britain this year is likely to have a deficit of some £400,000,000 or more in its overseas accounts; the critical fact is that an even larger deficit is forecast for 1952. The remedy this time, as indeed it was in both 1947 and 1949, is to curtail imports. But before I discuss the cuts that the Chancellor recently imposed, I want to explain how this present crisis arose.

Britain has been spending more than she has earned and her savings, or gold reserves, are not large enough to meet both this year's and next year's over-expenditure. And countries outside the sterling area are unwilling to continue giving us credit. You might well ask how we came to be spending beyond our income. There are, I think, two reasons. First, the prices of goods Britain has to import—food and raw materials—have risen faster during the past twelve months than the prices of goods that Britain exports, so that each unit of exports was able to buy only a smaller amount of imports. Secondly, although the cost of living in this country has risen during the past year (partly because of the rise in the price of imports) you and I have managed to buy just as much as before and perhaps even more. Some of us may have been able

to earn more; others may have had to draw on personal savings. But—and this is the important thing to realise—it was our large personal expenditure that induced a larger volume of imports.

Our trade deficit is a symptom of our present inflationary conditions, caused by the volume of income increasing more rapidly than the available supply of home-produced goods. But our exports have been insufficient to foot the imports bill, and so we had to draw on our gold reserves. To put it briefly, the crisis is but a reflection of our trying to maintain a standard of living higher than our labours justified.

To meet this crisis Mr. Butler had two courses open to him: either to cut down available income, or to reduce the supply of goods. Mr. Butler has chosen the latter course, and overseas expenditure is to be cut by £350,000,000. Nearly half of the amount—£160,000,000—will be saved by cutting down imports of food. The cuts in raw materials will be quite small. But manufactured goods, such as wooden furniture, toys, glassware, will be cut by about half or two-thirds of their current rate of imports. It was the French hats and Scandinavian furniture that added to the selection of goods available in our shops—and we are going to see less of them.

There were other imports that the Chancellor could have curtailed—and did not. Four important ones are tobacco, petrol, wines, and films. But before I go on to discuss these alternatives let me recall the fundamental nature of this present crisis—that the British



public has been spending too much. Now tobacco, petrol, and wines are all heavily taxed; they provide an important method of seeping off purchasing power into the Government's coffers. It was recently estimated, for example, that every £1 spent on imports of tobacco is equivalent to £16 of domestic purchasing power, because of the excise duty. If tobacco imports were cut, the Government would have to increase taxation in other directions in order to maintain its revenue—unless, of course, it decided to reduce its expenditure—and it would also have to introduce other methods of mopping up personal expenditure. Again, a cut in petrol imports would mean re-introducing rationing, and with it would come the revival of widespread theft and forgery. It would also tend to make idle our new large refining industry and increase the cost of refining crude petroleum. In any case, if rationing were re-imposed on the same scale as in 1949 the saving would be under £10,000,000, compared with the present saving of £25,000,000 on tinned ham and bacon alone.

### Heaviest Cuts on Goods from Europe

Films are a different problem. Not long ago, we concluded a new film agreement with the American industry after difficult negotiations. To break this agreement, now, might have serious consequences for our own film industry, and such a step would hardly be justified unless it showed a substantial economy. If the number of films shown in Britain were halved, Britain would save under £4,000,000—and that cannot be called a substantial economy.

There are, of course, many minor imports that always catch the eye—marbles for the children from the United States, hot-water bottles from Canada, and such like. These goods enter Britain under special licences and their import is controlled by the Government. Some reduction in this field might well take place, but even if they were entirely prohibited, Britain would save only a few million pounds.

It does seem strange that this time the Chancellor has not slashed dollar imports. But Britain's mounting deficit has been as much with Europe in recent months as with the United States. Hence the cuts have been mainly on those goods which come from Europe. Indeed, any criticism of Mr. Butler's actions lies not so much in the items he has chosen, as in the fact that he has dealt a blow—and it could be a serious blow—at European co-operation. Britain depends for its livelihood on an expanding volume of trade. It imports more than half of its food supplies and over four-fifths of its raw materials. Two years ago, just before devaluation, Britain suggested to the countries of western Europe, at a council meeting of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, that restrictions on private imports should be gradually abolished. The other countries responded, and private trade in western Europe was to a considerable extent freed from restriction. Now Britain has had to go back on the very scheme it initiated, and a large part of Britain's private imports from Europe, and elsewhere, are to be restricted once more. It is undoubtedly a backward step along the road of European co-operation—and, according to the Chancellor, he took it reluctantly. It is true that he chose very carefully the imports to be cut, so as not to create unemployment in Europe. Britain knows as well as anybody—and from its own experience—that any restrictions on imports hurt the exporter. This is not to say that the British cuts will be painless for Europe. They will not. But what undoubtedly worries Europe more is this habit of British Chancellors of the Exchequer in choosing the easiest way out of a crisis by restricting trade, especially as this time the move towards freer trade has been reversed—a move which western Europe has always regarded as an important step towards economic salvation.

What else could Mr. Butler have done? I have explained that Britain's abnormally large imports this year are a symptom of its domestic inflation—not a cause—and clearly a more effective policy would have been to eliminate the cause. It is true that Mr. Butler could quite rightly argue that he came on the scene so late that

he had to deal with the symptoms in order to maintain confidence in sterling. But Europe will only accept that excuse if these import cuts are the first step in a general policy aimed at curbing the inflationary pressures at home. We are in fact Europe's partner, and we must work together in economic as well as in defence matters. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we do convince the other European countries that we are not climbing out of this present crisis on their backs. We must make them realise that we have had to hurt them this time, because, at this stage, we could do nothing else, but that we are taking immediate steps to put our financial affairs in order. You see, it would be quite easy for other countries to follow Britain's example and so start a chain-reaction of import slashing and trade restriction. And in the end Britain would suffer most, because it is so dependent on foreign trade.

In my view there are three lines of attack, and each may have to be used to a differing extent. First, increasing taxation, particularly purchase tax, so as to reduce monetary demand—and many people would have preferred to see Mr. Butler put a heavy purchase tax on canned ham rather than restrict imports. Secondly, reducing government expenditure, which may involve some pruning of the food subsidies, and even, perhaps, some curtailment of the social services. And thirdly, restricting credit—and some measures along this line have already been adopted.

We are once more having to cut imports when world prices have fallen, so that we cannot take the full advantage of cheaper food and cheaper raw materials. If we are to benefit from lower import prices we must be in a position to buy when prices are lower. And we can do this only if we expand our exports by making the home market less attractive. Otherwise we shall be forced to buy only at the peak of the market. Our manufacturers will be saddled with high costs of raw materials and we shall suffer from a high cost of living. In that way we shall tumble from one crisis to another—as indeed we have done since the war. As a nation, we have been overspending because most families have bought more goods despite the rise in the cost of living. We have been tempted to buy, perhaps, because we thought that those goods would be short later on, and we have paid higher prices for them. This inflation, which brings in its train a rising cost of living, must be stopped. And it can be stopped only by controlling government and personal expenditure. In any case, we cannot expect to get much relief from any improvement in the terms of trade—that is, from a fall in import prices—unless we do stop the inflation.

Our domestic economic policy must be directed towards expanding overseas trade not contracting it, and all measures at home must be subordinated to that end. Future crises would then be averted because personal expenditure would be controlled at source, and Europe's fears of British selfishness and economic isolationism would be allayed.—*Home Service*

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# Where Communists Seek to Enchant Youth

TERENCE PRITTIE on eastern Germany

**T**HIRTY years ago Lenin enunciated one of the cardinal principles of revolution in these words: 'Only when we basically transform the organisation and education of youth will we evolve a new society which no longer resembles the old'. The truth of what he wrote was already self-evident in Russia. His followers remembered the lesson according to Lenin in 1945 when they were given the chance of applying it to that fringe of satellite states which form Soviet Russia's ideological as well as political buffer against western civilisation. They were given the chance, too, of applying it to their German ex-enemies of the Soviet zone. This was the crucial test, the ultimate yardstick of Lenin's sagacity.

Equally with the Russians the Western Powers believed in transforming German society. Equally, they appreciated the role which German youth would have to play in this transformation. They tried to liberalise education, reintroduce ethical teaching, and encourage the young Germans to think for themselves. In the Soviet zone the Russians have worked on exactly opposite lines. They sought to gather youth under a single banner, organise it rigidly, and slowly squeeze contrary or deviationary thought out of existence. They sought, further, to align German youth with an ideal which was politically communist, nationalistically Russian, incidentally anti-Christian and anti-democratic. The Soviet authorities launched the organisation of the Free German Youth in March 1946. At the time it was one of several youth groups in the Soviet zone and, as an anti-Nazi movement which had sprung up during the war, was officially non-party but in fact strongly influenced by its communist cells. In 1945 the Soviet authorities were able to import into their zone Free German Youth leaders from London and Stockholm as well as from Moscow. The organisation was given official support, funds, and premises.

Numbers are sometimes eloquent. In January 1947 the F.D.J.—the *Freie Deutsche Jugend*—had 400,000 members between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four. One year later its numbers had hardly increased, for the political department of the Soviet Military Administration was anxious first to consolidate a communist core in the youth of Germany and the days of bidding for German mass-support had not yet arrived. In western Germany the movement made little progress and even today is an inconspicuous affair with a limited nuisance value. But in mid-1949 the F.D.J.—answering the western challenge of offering self-government to the Germans of their zones—increased its numbers to 677,000. In September of that year its total was 923,000 and its junior branch of the *Junge Pioniere*, formed that spring, already numbered 811,000. In April 1950, the two organisations counted more than 2,000,000 members and by July of this year the number had risen to 3,300,000 and includes two out of every three young people in the Soviet zone. Of all the mass-organisations in eastern Germany the F.D.J. had made the greatest strides. It was for this reason that it was

called upon to stage those two mammoth manifestos of the 'new', bolshevised eastern Germany—the Whitsun Rally in 1950 and the Festival of World Youth in August of this year.

How did the F.D.J. acquire a practical monopoly of east-German youth? In the first place, there was little coherent opposition. Other left-wing youth groups liquidated themselves when the Communist and Social Democrat parties amalgamated in Berlin and the Soviet zone in

1946. Christian Democrat and Liberal youth were never given the chance to consolidate. The Evangelical Churches fought a losing defensive battle, although even today their *Junge Gemeinde*—youth communities—are still struggling along with a weary courage. Present-day visitors to the Soviet zone describe the dwindling Bible-classes at which there is nearly always one child who sits and watches, and who goes away quickly and furtively afterwards to report. Only because it is so exceptional is the story so well known of the eight-year-old girl who was asked one Monday morning to write an essay on Sunday's F.D.J. march in uniform, and who answered: 'I was in church yesterday. I am a clergyman's daughter and so I don't tell lies'. The F.D.J. intends, in time, to eradicate even such isolated protests: by



Communist rally: focus for the enthusiasm of the F.D.J. (*Freie Deutsche Jugend*) in the eastern sector of Berlin

undermining the influence of the family and training children to say a new kind of prayer at the knees of their political bosses instead of their mothers'.

In the second place, opposition to official F.D.J. policy was ruthlessly broken by a combination in which the F.D.J. played the part of spy, the German Communist Party was prosecutor, and the Soviet Military Administration executioner. Germans complain that while this was happening the Western Powers did nothing to stimulate resistance and were concerned only with the maintenance of their network of agents. Be that as it may, the youth of the Liberal and Christian Democrat Parties was either driven to seek refuge in western Germany or deported to the farthest ends of Russia. A university such as Leipzig underwent half-a-dozen purges, and its students vanished from their homes and lodgings in the small hours of the morning. A school such as the Einstein High School in Potsdam decamped *en bloc* and sought refuge in the western sectors of Berlin. Opposition groups within the F.D.J. itself were easily destroyed.

Officially no one needed to join the F.D.J. Its first President, Steinhoff, stated this at the first meeting of the F.D.J. Parliament in 1946. In reality, the F.D.J. offered inducements which made it highly undesirable for anyone to stay out of it. F.D.J. membership meant quicker advancement at school and better chances of a good job on leaving school. It qualified young Germans for entry to the universities in the ranks of the state-aided contingents of workers' and farmers' children, ninety-five per cent. of whom now belong to the F.D.J. It was the only means of enjoying the best sporting facilities and achieving athletic distinction. The F.D.J. controlled the Soviet-zone sports move-



ment with its 800,000 members, its prior claim on football and athletic grounds, on sports clothes and equipment. Even such a thing as the east-German rambling associations became an F.D.J. monopoly. One shrewd student of east German affairs said that the greatest factor in the success of the F.D.J. was the natural instinct of children to play together—an instinct on which youth leaders played with the utmost calculation.

There were three other underlying reasons for the success of the F.D.J. The first was the post-war drabness of life in eastern Germany. The F.D.J. antidotes were its uniform, its badges of office, its march music and march discipline, and its sense of solidarity and progress. The second reason was the post-war feeling of frustration and defeat. The F.D.J. told its members that the future lay with them, that they could repair the faults of their elders who were not their betters. They appealed, consciously, to the self-importance of all youth, here with its tincture of Germanic intolerance. The third reason was the post-war collapse of that regimentation to which all Germans were inured. The F.D.J. provided a new, tightly-controlled organisation with a hierarchy of offices and a suitable array of bronze, silver, and gold badges of 'Good Knowledge'. Perhaps the cleverest thing about Russian rule in Germany was their immediate recognition of the German love of display and discipline. The F.D.J. was encouraged to borrow the *Fuehrerprinzip* from the dead and disgraced Hitler Youth Movement. This time there was to be a new 'leader' and vast pictures of him in every town were to inspire German youth with a renewed feeling that someone was looking after them, to whom they could address their flattering birthday telegrams of goodwill.

### Bolshevist 'New Order'

Given their mass organisation, which rides roughshod over the suffering but unprotesting remainder of youth, what use did the communist rulers of east Germany intend to make of the F.D.J.? The simple answer seems to be the bolshevisation of society and the creation of a 'New Order' genuinely loyal to the Soviet Union. For this reason the F.D.J., like the Hitler Youth before it, had to be trained ideologically. Every phase of its activities came under the direction of a small communist secretariat with its own ruling 'politburo' of eight members. Sub-departments were created to deal with schools, colleges, and sport, but also with *cadre*, labour relations, international relations, propaganda, and even 'mass agitation'. From the age of fourteen onwards the young German was to be thoroughly grounded in what he should believe and what he should say about every problem in life. Even the six-year-olds of the *Junge Pioniere* were to be given some political education. A programme of aims was published at Whitsun, 1949. They were, in this order, 'unification of Germany and a just peace', 'support of the East German Republic', 'opposition to the colonial policy of the Western Powers', 'the ideological training of a unified east-German youth'.

At Bogensee the F.D.J. set up its own high school, but there were also F.D.J. Land and Kreis schools. In every state school, in every faculty of every university, F.D.J. cells were established in the form of 'discussion groups'. The F.D.J. publishing-house, *Neues Leben*, churned out papers, books, and plays. They did not have to worry about the prevalent paper shortage. Their teaching was plain. 'Comrade Stalin', wrote the *Junge Welt*, in 1949, 'teaches that the only internationalist is he who is ready to defend the Soviet Union unconditionally'. Little children actually had to learn that there were only two international forces—those of so-called 'democratic progress' and those of reaction led by the United States.

In 1949 badges were introduced for political knowledge. The bronze badge was awarded for knowledge of the lives of Stalin and Pieck and of the Komsomol 'advance guard of youth'. The silver was for the additional study of the east-German constitution and the five-year plan, the gold for an essay on Pushkin or on 'The U.S.S.R.: the most democratic state in the world'. These badges were not prizes—they had to be won by anyone who wanted to get on in the F.D.J. In the schools children had to answer such questions as 'Why am I a Marxist?' or 'What reply do I give when people talk of a coming war?' The F.D.J. baited their holiday courses with sports programmes, good food, and the best hotels in eastern Germany. 'Within two years', the east-German Minister of Education, Wandel, said in 1949, 'enough young people will have passed through the schools to ensure that the younger generation is brought up in the correct Marxist atmosphere'. To the aims of the F.D.J. was duly added another, 'Undying friendship with the great Soviet Union and its genial leader J. W. Stalin'.

Ideological training is only the first stage in the 'Free German' youth's progress to citizenship. There are three special ways in which F.D.J. members have to link themselves with the life of the community and carry their convictions, into the practical sphere of developing a communist east-German state. The first is by 'political activism'. The F.D.J.'s political directives are framed by its *politburo*, all of whose members belong to the Socialist Unity Party. The F.D.J. has been in the van of the agitation for a national front, for the reunification of Germany, for the integration of the Soviet Zone in the Soviet-satellite bloc. The F.D.J. sends its own delegates to the People's Chamber. Its march-banners and placards are one of the commonest sights today in eastern Germany. In the attack on religion which is now gaining an added impetus, F.D.J. youths—schooled in so-called dialectical materialism—have begun to demonstrate in front of church doors and deafen the worshippers with their brash music and speeches. This performance is becoming a regular F.D.J. Sunday outing. F.D.J. cells have been set up in the factories, and in many industries the F.D.J. shares control of the works councils with the east-German trades unions. In the state-owned industries an F.D.J. member sits on every managerial board. There is an F.D.J. observer in every private firm of consequence. The F.D.J. has become the real driving force of the 'activist' movement in industry by means of which excessive 'norms' are established for output. With their younger limbs and more easily kindled enthusiasm these youths can set up back-breaking output records which the older workers must try to match. There are 250,000 members in the 'Young Activist' movement and this number will grow yearly.

Vitally important, too, is the role of the F.D.J. in the People's Police. In 1949 there were already two F.D.J. *Bereitschaften*. These young men have since been drafted into every section of the People's Police as leaders and instructors. The Bogensee college provides courses in 'pre-military and revolutionary training' and its products are the future officers of the *Bereitschaften*. But the F.D.J. is producing rank and file as well. According to German estimates the proportion of F.D.J. in them has risen from twenty-five per cent. in 1949 to over ninety per cent. today. The youngest, fittest and most fanatical will now dominate the 60,000 strong *Bereitschaften*. Even Hitler did not give his youth this para-military training until 1942.

Has the F.D.J. succeeded in capturing east-German youth, and by so doing provided the essential impetus which will make east Germany into a genuine communist state? Those who have studied the question hold divided views. A year ago an allied observer wrote: 'It is estimated with good reason that only about five per cent. of the F.D.J. members are convinced and zealous workers for the cause'. The picture has changed since then. The F.D.J. contains an all-powerful communist directorate, all-seeing communist cells, and a mass of servile and often enthusiastic members. The Whitsun rally of 1950 and the Festival of World Youth last August have served to focus this enthusiasm and strengthen it. As an observer puts it: 'Today both mass-emotion and cool self-interest point—under the F.D.J.—towards the desirability of communism'. Of course, plenty of F.D.J. came over to western Berlin during the August Festival. Of course those who came talked deprecatingly about conditions in eastern Germany. That was their way of paying for their free food and their sight-seeing. A few who came even asked for refuge, but the great mass went home. And there they will be only a tiny minority, and they will have to keep their mouths shut. The alternative—as long as Walter Ulbricht deals with youth problems in eastern Germany—is unhealthy for them and their families.

### Lord Mayors and the Samba

It is easy to scoff at the regimentation of youth, as the occasional bull-necks and bald-heads of some of the so-called youth who took part in the Festival. It is easy to say that F.D.J. functionaries are too young and inexperienced and that many of those 2,000 Lord Mayors in the Soviet Zone under the age of twenty-five are inefficient. It is comforting to remark that the favourite dance at F.D.J. evening parties is the Samba. There is a peculiarly British failing, of underrating something which we do not like. The F.D.J. is succeeding in eastern Germany, primarily because youth there has no alternative save to go into isolated and dangerous opposition, and the Germans are not 'good at opposition'. One report on the F.D.J. remarks that it may look like a snake biting its own tail, but it is successfully suppressing every freedom-loving inclination in the minds of the young. The F.D.J. may not yet have captured the whole post-war generation in eastern Germany but it is in the process of doing so.—*Third Programme*



# Setbacks for President Truman

By ERWIN CANHAM

**E**VENTS which, on the whole, tend to weaken President Truman's chances of being re-elected American President, if he chooses to run for the office, have been taking place, or coming to light, in the past few days.\* The most serious apparent danger to the President's political future has appeared in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. This agency, which has 57,000 employees, collects nearly all of the federal taxes: some 60,000,000,000 dollars a year, or, as we would say, sixty billion dollars a year. Income taxes these days—I do not have to remind you—hit people hard, even Americans—and so when dishonesty is proved in the collection of taxes and the treatment of tax violators the people certainly tend to react with a specially keen resentment. That is the situation which President Truman and his party now face. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is divided into sixty-four district collectors' offices. Nearly all these sixty-four district collectors are political appointees: few of them are career men, tax experts, or civil servants. This system is, of course, the Achilles' heel of the American administrative organisation. For the past decade, at least, these offices have slipped deeper and deeper into the morass of political patronage. Two of the tax collectors in major offices, in San Francisco and in Boston, are now under criminal indictment. Others have been dismissed or forced to resign. A few others are under suspicion, pending complete investigation. Only last week nineteen more employees of the Internal Revenue Bureau, not themselves actually district collectors, were dismissed; and twelve others were permitted to resign. So the collection side of our whole, vast, federal tax system has been shown to have serious corruption.

## Curious Story of Mr. Caudle

But that is not all. Any cases of tax delinquency, or fraudulent return, are supposed to be referred, for investigation and prosecution, to the tax division of the Justice Department, the law office of the nation. Two weeks ago, President Truman ordered the resignation of the Head of the Tax Division, Assistant Attorney-General T. Lamar Caudle. This individual was on the witness stand before a Congressional investigation committee last week, and again today. Mr. Caudle turned out to be a highly excitable Southerner with a rather improbable accent, and a very curious point of view. He testified that he accepted a 5,000-dollar commission on the sale of an aeroplane, to a man who was defending two New Yorkers who were, at that time, being prosecuted by Mr. Caudle's department for tax evasion. The rather odd part of this story is that these New Yorkers were ultimately convicted for this crime, despite the commission Mr. Caudle had received. And yet Mr. Caudle had set up that sort of personal relationship with lawyers for accused persons in his own area. In other instances, Mr. Caudle had accepted favours for his wife and daughters from lawyers defending other criminal tax fraud cases; favours, such as discounts on nice fur coats, and so on. But here, in this instance, there was no evidence that the lawyers received any special favours in return. And Mr. Caudle himself had accepted personal perquisites from industrialists under investigation for possible tax frauds: little things like private aeroplane rides and visits at de luxe resort hotels, and elaborate fishing parties in Florida waters. This sort of thing, of course, has a somewhat petty air about it, but it has deeply irritated and outraged Americans; it is the same distasteful business as the presents of mink coats and deep-freezers to White House staff members, or hangers-on.

For many months, President Truman ignored, minimised, or denied most of these charges. But now that they are out in the open he has begun to take some steps to clean them up. Whether he can wipe the stains totally from off his administration is open to doubt. And the revelations have not yet come to an end; there are more still ahead, perhaps graver than any we have seen thus far. The basic problem is that the Democratic Party has had charge of our national administration for nearly twenty years. According to American tradition and experience, that is too long for a party to be in uninterrupted power, just as it is too long for a major party to be in the Opposition. Rotation in office has served self-governing institutions well; at this point, nearly

two decades along in a single party's regime, all of the basic flaws come to light, and the worst of these flaws seem to be political degeneration and corruption. Whether the voters next November will decide to treat corruption as a decisive issue is, of course, very uncertain. Back in 1924, after gross scandals were revealed in the Republican administration of President Harding, his successor, President Coolidge, carried the party right back into office by a big majority. But the difference between that and the present case is that Mr. Coolidge was not the one who had sat by while the graft and corruption developed among his own associates, and Mr. Coolidge did take speedy and effective steps to clean house.

Another great national problem: the American people are puzzled over what may be taking place in Korea. They do not understand the mechanics of this present thirty-day cease-fire plan; they do not know whether President Truman or the war correspondents were right in describing what did, or did not, happen in Korea last Wednesday. On that date, as you may recall, ground fighting in Korea went into an extensive lull, which led correspondents to report that an actual cease-fire was in effect, and that the actual cease-fire had been ordered from the highest source, possibly from the White House. The President hotly denied having issued any such orders. The implication of an official cease-fire certainly did push this case too far, but the fact remains and is apparent today that a—what shall we call it?—a kind of seldom-fire regime has prevailed from last Wednesday up to the present. Americans do not understand just what this means. They do not have much confidence that the communists will agree to what has been presented as 'indispensable U.N. terms for peace'—that is to say, a satisfactory inspection system over the whole of Korea, and a full exchange of prisoners. They have not been prepared, as yet, for any modification of these terms, if that is the only way we can get an agreement. And they are not ready for what may be necessary in the way of resumed fighting if no acceptable truce terms can be reached. Americans would look with equally profound distaste on the acceptance of unwise truce terms, or on the resumption of stalemate warfare. They do not know whether or not any more decisive kind of warfare can actually be waged. And so the future in Korea is thoroughly obscure to most Americans. We continue to hope the communists will agree to possible terms, but we have let up most of our military pressure on them—the pressure which was, presumably, making them willing to agree to some kind of truce. We observe them continuing their build-up of air and ground forces in the north of Korea. We have lost absolute control of the air there, which means that we are not limiting their supply lines as effectively as formerly.

## The Korean Riddle

Last Thursday night, United Nations aeroplanes spotted 9,200 enemy trucks moving down towards the front. On the same day 300 Soviet-made 'MIG' jets were sighted over North Korea—the largest number reported on a single day. But if the communists are preparing a new offensive in Korea they will have to abandon the world-wide peace offensive which appears to be their present overall strategy. It seems more likely that they are seeking to force on us the kind of truce in Korea under which we will have to maintain large forces there, without fully satisfactory assurances of inspection, and in constant threat of new aggression from the north. Presumably such a state of affairs would be advantageous to the communists elsewhere in Asia; perhaps the Chinese, while maintaining this kind of danger in Korea, could disengage enough of their own forces to bring new pressure in Indo-China, in Malaya, or elsewhere in south-east Asia. Nothing much more cheerful than this appears to be in sight in the long-range view in Korea; and yet the latest news from Korea seems to be more encouraging than for several days, holding out hope for a mutual inspection plan and for the exchange of prisoners. There remain, however, many still-unanswered questions, and yet the evidence strengthens that the communists are eager to disengage themselves, on terms as difficult and as unpromising as possible for the U.N. forces.

\* Broadcast on December 3



The United States continues to be disappointed over the prospects for western European rearmament. It is evident that the strain on European economies, particularly in Britain and France, will limit the armament contribution these nations can make. Western European forces, in strength necessary to offer serious resistance to the communists on land, are obviously impossible without the inclusion of German troops. And the device by which west Germans were to have been included—that is to say, a European army under supranational control—now appears impossible because of British unwillingness to participate fully. This French-initiated device for getting German soldiers included, now appears to be out. Will the French agree to any other device for rearming Germany? Would they have agreed to the rearmament of Germany at this time, anyway? Does that mean that the only way to get western European armed forces is through substantially increased American aid? If so, there is no assurance that such American aid will be forthcoming. Economic and military aid, already voted by Congress, can be expedited to some extent to meet present economic crises, and of course this task has already begun. But there is no real probability that Congress in next year's session will vote large new sums. The N.A.T.O. members will have to go much farther in proof of their willingness to sacrifice and to subordinate national prejudices before Congress will change its present position.

What about American military production? Serious charges have

recently been made by Congressional committees that too many consumer goods have been permitted to stay in production while defence production has lagged. The charges cannot be waived, they have considerable validity, and, furthermore, it is altogether healthy that the utmost pressure be kept on the production system. But at the same time, Charles Wilson, the Defence Mobilisation Director, reminded us last night that military production is now increasing at the rate of 1,000,000,000 dollars a month. Defence output is today three times as great as it was a year ago. Mr. Wilson insists that production is right up to his schedules, although he admits it is not up to military hopes. However, it is understood that if an early peace is reached in Korea, this will permit diversion to Europe of a considerable part of the extensive equipment now earmarked for the Far East. Washington is now going through much the same kind of battle it saw during the world war between the supporters of the European Command and of the Far Eastern Command; and as a third rival the Pentagon itself wishes to keep a generous share of available supplies for forces training or forming within the United States.

If, under the Korean terms, we are not permitted to reinforce our troops out there with men or with supplies, and that is sure to be one of the terms of any kind of agreement that is likely to be reached in the next month; the pipe lines could then be turned about at once, in Europe's favour. Once more it is apparent that the inter-relationship of the entire global conflict is the key to world policy.—*Home Service*

## Problems of Race in South Africa

By JOHN HATCH

WHILE I was in Southern Rhodesia this summer I was particularly interested to listen to the continual arguments between South African emigrés living in Salisbury and Rhodesians of a liberal outlook. The Rhodesians were adamant in asserting that racial discrimination is as strong in Southern Rhodesia as in the Union, and they quoted an impressive list of discriminatory acts modelled on similar lines to those of South Africa. But those who had lived in the Union were quite convinced that the racial situation in the two countries is entirely different. The whole atmosphere in racial contacts is so much more tense in the Union, they claimed, and, though Acts of Parliament may be similar, their administration and application are sharply contrasted.

I agree with the South Africans. Travelling by train from Salisbury through Bechuanaland and into the Union I did not need to be told when we had arrived in Mafeking. The attitude of the passengers and railwaymen, the 'European Only' signs on the station seats, proclaimed that I was back in South Africa, where partnership of the races is not even spoken of, back in the country which is continually haunted by the fear that the slightest sign of friendship between European and Non-European is leading to a breach in the principle of white supremacy, and ultimately to European race suicide. It is this fear which produces the acute racial tensions of South Africa and the political policy which is its reflection. At the same time, one further important difference between the racial situation in Southern Rhodesia and in the Union should be noted: the greater maturity and even the tenser atmosphere of South African society has produced a more varied pattern of social relations. The liberals in South Africa may be very few, but they and their works are very important and provide a definite contrast to the Rhodesian scene where, though liberal feeling may exist, it is scarcely organised and has as yet made no impact upon society. There are not only more liberals in the Union, but they are centred in several academic and religious groups in the leading cities, and their activities are in consequence organised and coherent in a way that is not possible in Rhodesia.

One effect of the existence of this small liberal body in the Union is the tremendous hostility shown to such rebels by the Nationalist movement, which has undertaken the task of organising, stimulating, and preserving the feelings of colour consciousness. While I was in the Union this year, for instance, one Nationalist member of parliament publicly suggested that liberals should be given a separate electoral register and allowed only to elect their own members of parliament. It

is this atmosphere of tension and hostility which pervades the whole South African scene. I had only a short time in the Union itself this year and used it to check the impressions I gained during my longer visit in 1950. From the moment of entering the country to that of departing I was continually conscious of this electrified atmosphere. During my stay in Johannesburg the city was buzzing with the news that an issue of the magazine *Time* had been held up because of an article within it describing the appalling rise in the rate of violent crime, and I was seriously warned never to go out alone at night. This fear of violence may be largely the result of nervous tension, but of course the violence that does occur is one of the leading symptoms of an unhappy society.

Then again, since even the most respectable African is liable at some time to break the pass laws, the police and the Africans confront each other on innumerable occasions, and tension and hostility on both sides can lead to serious trouble. The fact that judges, magistrates, and clergy are frequently warning the police against assaulting Non-European prisoners in their charge is clear evidence that this type of treatment is very common, and even the Minister of Justice himself admitted in parliament recently that in just over two years 399 policemen had been convicted of assault. Meanwhile both European and Non-European opponents of the Government have begun to feel something of the force of the 1950 Suppression of Communism Act and this year's amendment to it. When I was in the country a couple of months ago I discovered that about 350 people had already been 'named' under the terms of the Act, which defines communism in an extremely wide and loose manner and which seems particularly designed to suppress the activities of those who believe in racial equality. Once an individual is 'named' a Minister has the power to require him to relinquish any offices he holds in any organisation, to resign from any society, and even to move his residence to another part of the country. Since then it has been announced that the Cape Town weekly newspaper, *The Guardian*, has been threatened with suppression after secret investigations have been carried out by a committee appointed by the Minister of Justice.

One may well ask whether this racial tension, which is definitely increasing, is due to the policy of the Nationalist Government which has now been in office for three-and-a-half years. The United Party, which is the main opposition party, claims that this is so, but the claim can hardly be established objectively. The fact is that it existed also when the United Party formed the government. It is surely obvious that so



long as any white minority group insist on maintaining a complete monopoly of political, economic, and social power, and both parties are agreed on its maintenance, the hostility of the Non-Europeans will continue to mount. Yet, at the same time, it is quite clear that the manner in which the Nationalists have based their legislative programme upon colour discrimination has significantly aggravated those racial tensions which have always underlain the social development of the country.

This year the Government has added further measures to its long lists of Acts designed to prevent any danger of Non-European progress challenging the supremacy of the whites. The Act to remove the Cape Coloured voters from the common roll has been widely discussed and is well known. Suffice it to say here that it is seen by the Non-Europeans in the Union as the final betrayal of any trust they may have placed in the word of the white man. As a matter of fact, the disillusion of the Non-Europeans had gone so far that they were far less shocked by the Act than the European opposition was.

### The Bantu Authorities Act

What is less widely known, but at least of equal significance, is the implication of the Bantu Authorities Act. This measure not only abolishes the Native Representative Council, which, though purely advisory, had constantly formed a spear-head for the attack on segregation policy, but it also brings the meagre organisation of the Africans under much closer government control. In effect, it is an attempt to re-create the primitive and divisive influences of tribal organisation with the extra safeguard of maintaining ministerial control over the tribal chiefs. It is, in fact, a reflection of the desire of many white South Africans to see the African population permanently restricted within its retarding tribal organisation.

The Nationalist, of course, claims that these two measures are consistently designed to further the progress of the policy of apartheid. He points also to the more constructive aspects of his policy, to the opening of the new Non-European medical school in Durban, to the project of removing the black slum living areas of Johannesburg and Durban, and to the series of commissions set up by the Government to examine such things as the establishment of industries in the Reserves, a reduction in overstocking of cattle, the Pass system, and African taxation and wage rates. Yet, though it is probably true that greater efforts are being made by the Nationalists than by previous governments to find means of increasing the carrying capacity of the Reserves, two essential weaknesses constantly bring their efforts to nought. In the first place, they refuse to consult the people essentially concerned, the Africans themselves. Secondly, they still illogically attempt to base their policy on a principle which they themselves have been forced to discard. They would still like to think that it is possible to herd all Africans into the Reserve but, in practice, they have to admit that to do without African labour in the towns would bring ruin to the national economy. Thus, while many Africans would undoubtedly be glad to co-operate in re-housing the urban Africans of Johannesburg, they will resist to the uttermost this unilateral attempt to clear them out of the areas they have long lived in without alternative accommodation, simply in order to accommodate the increasing white population. Or, again, they say, why appoint further commissions when the recommendations of previous bodies, like the Fagan Commission, which recognised the needs of a permanent African urban population, have never been implemented?

It is this refusal to consult and discuss with Africans which also lies at the heart of South Africa's difficulties in international relations. The issue of South West Africa will shortly again come before the United Nations, for the Union Government is still refusing to recognise South West Africa as a Trust territory. The basis of that issue is the Union's dislike of allowing the Africans to submit petitions to the Trusteeship Council. Similarly, in the case of the Protectorates, Dr. Malan contends that the British promise to consult the inhabitants of the Protectorates before considering their transfer to the Union does not imply obtaining the consent of those inhabitants. I frankly think that the situation would be greatly clarified if the British Government were to say openly what most of us believe—that to us there is no point in consulting inhabitants unless their wishes are respected, and that no British Government of any political colour will hand over these territories against the wishes of the peoples concerned.

Whilst there seems no reason to doubt that during its term of office the Government forces under the Nationalists have become strengthened and more united, the same cannot be said of the Opposition. Recently, for instance, the forces of Afrikaner Nationalism have come once more

within a single organisation, with the merger of the National Party and the Afrikaner Party, accompanied by only slight rumblings of dissent from the Ossewa Brandwag, the secret society of pure Afrikanerdom. The United Party, on the other hand, has shown repeated signs of divided councils. It is true that they fought the Coloured Voters Act before the Courts. They were, of course, alarmed at the loss of the coloured vote and, equally, at the implied threat to the equality of the English and Afrikaans languages, which was entrenched in the same way as the vote of the Cape Coloured.

Yet their very opposition to this measure displays something of their weakness. Realising the lack of inspiration evident in the form of United Party opposition, a group of ex-Servicemen, using the romantic associations of the name of Sailor Malan, the R.A.F. ace pilot, and the Commando organisation, initiated a nation-wide demonstration of protest against Nationalist policies. The Torch Commando, as it is now called, has been welcomed by the United Party, yet, in effect, its very existence is an apt commentary upon the strength of that party's opposition. Many guesses are hazarded as to the control behind this organisation, but as far as I can discover the real facts have not yet been told. Yet I think it is clear that the real support for the Torch Commando undoubtedly derives from certain business and financial personalities who, realising the lack of effective opposition to be found in the United Party and alarmed at the economic results of Nationalist policy, have been quietly diverting their financial support from the United Party itself to the new organisation. At one and the same time, therefore, they have weakened the leadership of the United Party, taken an increasing control of its policy through its financial embarrassment, and helped to create a new organisation designed to remove the Nationalists.

The end of this manoeuvring has not yet been seen, but there is no doubt that the Torch Commando has created a very great impression. Its members now number about 100,000, and its torchlight processions have stirred the imagination of the country. When I was in Johannesburg in September the whole city was plastered with notices, 'Remember Alamein'. The Government is undoubtedly worried about its effect for, although some ministers call it capitalist and others communist, they cannot fail to realise that some of the most respected individuals in the Union have associated themselves with it and that it has very widespread public support. Nevertheless the Torch Commando is a purely negative movement reflecting the desperation of thousands of South Africans today. Its chairman, Mr. Kane Berman, admitted to me that the movement has no constructive aim whatever, its sole purpose being to remove the Nationalists. This fact became crystal clear when the movement was faced with the inevitable colour problem. The Commando was given birth on the issue of the Cape Coloured vote, yet it dare not allow coloured people to join it on an equal footing. Those who want to become members are allowed to have their own separate branches and to be represented by Europeans. For the basic colour issue, as for any other national problem, the Torch Commando simply has not attempted a solution.

### White Supremacy and Black Nationalism

If this most virile of European opposition movements will not cater for Non-Europeans it is hardly surprising to find that the Non-Europeans themselves have become increasingly exclusive and independent. The natural counterpart to the principle of white supremacy is black nationalism. So far this has not been openly adopted by any Non-European organisation but it can be expected to develop if liberalism remains submerged in European politics. At the moment, the Non-Europeans are still much divided amongst themselves, the Cape Coloured particularly dissipating their energies in arguments within their own group.

But the general effect of European policy is to drive the Non-Europeans steadily into one camp, and a sign of this may be seen in the decision of the African and Indian National Congresses to organise a joint campaign against discrimination. Already there are signs, too, that Africans in other parts of Africa whose achievements and capabilities are frequently derided by the Nationalists are anxious to assist in the Non-European struggle in the Union. So, unless the forces of liberalism can unite publicly within South Africa and offer to the Non-Europeans at least an ultimate hope of opportunity for partnership and development on a basis of equality, South Africa seems doomed to a period of ever increasing racial hostility, and the country which the South African European quite reasonably claims to be his only home will be no happier for his children and grandchildren than it is for him.—*Third Programme*



# The Listener

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## Are Books Essential?

**M**OST serious people would agree that books are essential.\* If we may judge by some outward and visible signs—that the number of titles published is more numerous than ever, that the publishers' turnover in terms of money has nearly quadrupled since 1939, and that in the past thirty years registered borrowers from public libraries have risen from two to twelve millions—it would seem that the great public thinks so too. Yet the trade, that is the publishers and booksellers, appears to be despondent, not without reason. The cost of paper has increased six-fold since 1939; printing costs are also constantly rising; and thus the main items in the cost of production, apart from authors' royalties, are a heavy burden with which the rise in the price of books has failed to keep pace. Nobody (except the victims themselves) worries unduly about authors. Though publishers' balance sheets are not always a subject for tears and publishers keep up a port of prosperity, authors are worse off than before the war and react pathetically against proposals to cut their royalties, for, of course, no savings are possible on paper or printing. But from the publishers' point of view authors are two a penny. Moreover what are they but amateurs or at best semi-professionals? 'The bulk of authors', Mr. J. L. Hodson writes, 'work in addition at such tasks as publishing, journalism, or in that concrete battleship the B.B.C., or busy themselves with short stories, reviews, articles, and scripts, or copywriting for advertisers'. It is in fact an honour for an author to have his book published, and if he gets a little money as well he should be grateful.

However the present situation is particularly hard on the young and unknown author, for evidently it is becoming increasingly difficult for him to have his work published at all. Mr. Hodson tells us that a leading publisher informed him that 'it is becoming almost impossible, without the certainty of bankruptcy, to publish really good work by young people'. First novels of promise, which before the war usually found a publisher, are 'almost a drug on the market. And the established author faces crushing taxation followed by total confiscation—at least that is the view of the Society of Authors.

But to return to the problems of publishers. According to one of them, Mr. Michael Joseph, 'since 1949, while production costs have been soaring, sales have been slumping, and publishers can no longer make ends meet. An increase in the price of books is therefore inevitable'. If we may judge from Mr. Joseph, in their difficulties and dismay the publishers are prepared to lash out in every direction. They attack the Government because they are afraid that it may put an end to the Net Books Agreement, the method whereby the retail price of books is maintained and 'cut prices' prevented. They criticise the local authorities because of the huge 'free service' of reading provided by the public libraries. As to authors, 'the proposal to cut authors' royalties', Mr. Joseph states, 'was in fact fully justified on figures'. The B.B.C. also comes in for a side-blow: its 'treatment of contemporary books is still shamefully inadequate'. (However, this is our second book number in six weeks.) Still, we must not despair. While civilisation endures, books and the reading of books will continue. And with all their grievances (and when do business men not have grievances?) British publishers have a real sense of public duty. Masterpieces seldom moulder in attics. Let the trade and the fledgling author both cheer up: their world will go on.

\* *Books are Essential* (Deutsch. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of essays on aspects of the book trade from which the quotations in the above article are taken

## What They Are Saying

Moscow broadcasts on communist tactics and religion

THE NEWS OF THE ARREST of Rudolf Slansky, the Czechoslovak Vice-Premier and former Secretary-General of the Communist Party, broadcast by Prague radio on November 27, caused a good deal of comment. The Prague announcement merely stated that 'in the course of recent investigations into the activities of subversive groups, hitherto unknown facts have come to light which convict Slansky of activities against the State'. In France, the Radical Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as pointing out that the incident was a warning to Stalin's minions in the satellite countries not to expect any gratitude from him:

Let this lesson be heeded by the big-wigs of the Politburos who fancy themselves sacrosanct because their birthday has been observed in the grand manner, and because the halo-polishers of *l'Humanité* have been working overtime.

A warning that might well be heeded by non-communists who ally themselves with communists came last week in the form of a broadcast over Moscow radio by Professor Ponomarev, in a series of lectures for students of Marxist-Leninist classics. The Soviet Professor stated:

One of the most important elements of Party tactics, Lenin had stressed, was that of exploiting all existing forms of public activities. In order to win over not only the workers, but also the semi-proletarians and other sections of the petty bourgeoisie, it was imperative for the Party to be active in parliaments, trade unions, etc. Tactics should be at once flexible and revolutionary and temporary allies and sympathisers should be used for the benefit of the proletariat. In teaching this, Lenin had also condemned any refusal to enter into temporary compromises and truces, should the end justify the means. . . . Compromises which promoted the development of the revolutionary movement were quite admissible. . . . Lenin had shown that without continuous work within the mass organisations to which the working people had been accustomed for many years the communists could not hope to be able to isolate the right-wing socialists. Stalin had also emphasised this point repeatedly and communist parties, following the leaders' injunctions, had had great success in winning the loyalty of the proletarian masses through the trade unions. The tactical principle of working in parliaments, trade unions and other organisations had become the foundation of Communist Party tactics.

Another interesting Moscow home broadcast last week was in the form of a renewed attack on religion—since for some months, while foreign delegations have been visiting the Soviet Union and commenting on the alleged freedom of religion there and while senior members of the Churches have been, where possible, recruited for the 'peace' campaign, anti-religious propaganda had died down. This broadcast, quoting the Soviet youth paper contrasted communist morality with religious morality, and stated:

Bourgeois morality cannot manage without religion, without mysticism, without the authority of an invented God. . . . Communist education means the unmasking and defeat of religious morality. . . . Whereas communist morality educates people in a spirit of high activity, inspires them to revolutionary transformations, and increases their faith in their own strength, religion kills in man all willpower and activity. Religion teaches that man is but a poor creature, a worm, God's slave, and that man can create nothing without the Will of God. It is obvious that such an ethic renders man infirm and weak-willed and dooms him to a position of submissiveness. . . . Religion teaches life after death. . . . Thus, all hopes and dreams of a better future during our mortal life are relegated by religious morality to a fictitious heavenly state of well-being, an imagined life after death. . . . Then, according to the doctrines of the churchmen, work is a divine punishment for serious sins committed. . . . Labour in the U.S.S.R. is a matter of honour. . . . Soviet man's collective strength is invincible.

Finally, mention may be made of a Moscow broadcast quoting an article by Simonov in the Soviet *Literary Gazette* entitled 'The Curtain Falls', with the sub-title: 'A tentative funeral oration on the former writer, J. B. Priestley'. Priestley, said the article, had once visited the Soviet Union and had been convinced that the socialism he saw in action there yielded good results. Now, he advocated the destruction of 'both this socialism and its results'. Such conduct sufficed 'to rid one and all of any illusions one ever had had about the former writer J. B. Priestley and cause one to give him up as dead—the only thing he deserves'.



# Did You Hear That?

## HOW 'BILLY BUDD' BECAME AN OPERA

'COLLABORATION ON AN OPERA, like any other artistic collaboration, is a creative process and hard to describe', said ERIC CROZIER, part-author of the libretto of 'Billy Budd', in a talk before the broadcast of the opera. 'It is simple to give facts about the working method, but how can one recapture the spirit of adventure and enthusiasm, the interplay of personalities, the free exchange of ideas that are the essence of the matter?

'I can best trace the growth of our libretto by following the evidence of five manuscripts that I have carefully preserved. The first of them can be dignified with the name of manuscript only as a courtesy-tide. It consists, in fact, of three rather grubby little sheets from a writing-pad. I treasure it because it is the sole record of the original meeting between Benjamin Britten, E. M. Forster, and myself three years ago, when we first considered Melville's story. It contains two short lists, both in Britten's handwriting: one gives all the characters referred to in the book, the other lists the various dramatic episodes described or suggested by Melville. The third bit of paper is a very tentative side-view of a sailing-ship, drawn by Britten, slightly altered by myself, and annotated in Forster's writing with place-names—Main-deck, Quarter-deck, Captain's Cabin, and so on—so that we could find our way about.

'The second manuscript dates from a meeting two months later, when we made plans for settling down to work in earnest. This is a kind of dry, working synopsis, and presents the scenario for an opera in five main scenes, each scene being sub-divided into a number of brief episodes.

'Manuscript three is much more interesting. This one is labelled *Billy Budd, Opera: First Draft—March, 1949*. It contains some forty pages of typescript and represents several weeks' work by Forster and myself. We lived during that period in Britten's house at Aldeburgh, within a very few yards of the North Sea. Britten was busy at the other end of the house scoring his *Spring Symphony*, but midway through the morning he would visit us to see how things were going and to read what we had written. Forster, whose age at that time equalled mine and Britten's put together, was in tremendously high spirits, and showed a wonderful grasp of the requirements of the unfamiliar medium of opera. Before long, we had managed to draft all the main scenes. Looking again at that first copy, I am surprised to find how complete it is and how readable. Yet, good though it is as a dramatisation of Melville, it is still not an opera-libretto. To account for this, we must move on to the next stage of our collaboration and to manuscript four.

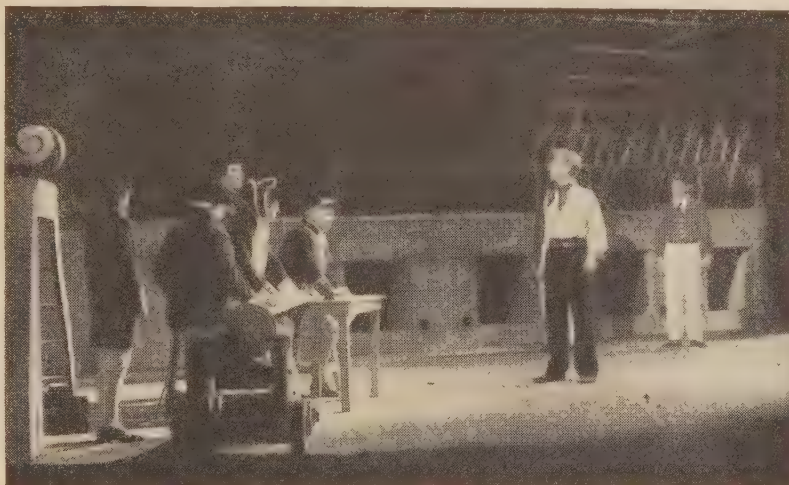
'In August 1949, six months later, Forster and I travelled to Aldeburgh again. Britten had been studying our first version very thoroughly, his musical ideas were developing, and he now invited us to spend a month in revising, simplifying, and reconsidering the text. At this stage he began to assume the dominance in our partnership and to lead the discussions. He wanted a big new chorus-scene as climax to the first act—one of the few occasions on which we added anything that was not directly suggested by Melville. The idea occurred of suppressing Melville's Afterguardsman who tempts Billy with the guineas, and of using the terrified little Novice in his place. Apart from such major changes as these, we went through each scene word by

word and line by line, testing, compressing, and strengthening. And since the greater part of our libretto had fallen inevitably into prose, another most important task was to provide the composer, wherever possible, with small lyrical episodes that would enable his music to flower. A libretto in verse is half-way towards the condition of music, for its words are already shaped into formal and rhythmical patterns.

A prose-libretto gives the composer the formidable task of building his musical structures from fluid and unorganised material. At the end of August our revisions were done. We parted again, taking with us copies of a second draft-libretto in fifty-seven pages. It was from this text that Britten began composing some months later.

'I should explain that Britten never begins to compose an opera until the libretto has reached its almost final shape. "Almost final"—because, paradoxically, no libretto can really be complete until he has finished the whole task of composition.

'Here, to complete my survey, is manuscript five. This is the composer's copy of our second draft-libretto, upon which he has worked throughout the past two years. It shows innumerable alterations, both small and large, and it illustrates how the libretto continues to be modified and adjusted until the last bar is written; for music is governed by laws of its own and the text must be made to obey them'.



In this scene from Benjamin Britten's new opera, Billy Budd (Theodore Uppman) stands before the Captain (Peter Pears) on board the *Indomitable*

## THE GRAND BRIDGE AT BLENHEIM

'It takes a bold architect to site a palace upon a precipice. And that is what Vanbrugh did when, with Marlborough, he chose the site of Blenheim in Woodstock Park', said DAVID GREEN in a talk in the Third Programme. 'Both men—architect and patron—realised that directly in the way of what was to be the grand approach to Blenheim Palace lay a wide and miry valley which some called a chasm. Its sides were precipitous and at the bottom sprawled a marsh threaded by a rivulet, the Glyme, and its meandering tributaries. But to Vanbrugh the valley was no obstacle but rather an opportunity; and already his mind's eye had spanned it with such a bridge as might have linked the heights of Valhalla. Of stone, it should have three arches, the greatest 101-feet wide flanked by towers each eighty-feet high. And within it there should be a mansion of round rooms and square rooms, great archways, lofty corridors, and winding stairs. So ambitious, so bold, so romantic and unpractical and altogether outside ordinary experience was the project, one can imagine no architect but Vanbrugh daring to draft it, nor perhaps any client but Marlborough of sufficient stature to approve it.

'Vanbrugh's enthusiasm, we know, was on the scale of his building; but to the more cautious—to Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, for example, and to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—the notion of a titanic bridge across one's park was monstrous, if not unnerving. Sir Christopher Wren was at a loss as to what all the fuss was about. To him the problem was so small: all that was called for was a bridge fifteen feet high (no more) and this, with a gentle circular approach to the palace, should make such an "easy and good way to come up from the Meadows" that everyone—patron, architect, and treasurer—should be entirely satisfied. But Vanbrugh scoffed at Wren's model, and spoke for his own plan with such gusto that he carried the day.



'In the summer of 1708, then, three years after the palace had been begun, Vanbrugh's bridge was founded. Queen Anne's gardener, Henry Wise, had seen to the digging, and in the course of it his men unearthed some black oak trees which, as an onlooker said, might well have dated back to the Deluge itself. The mason chosen to build the bridge was an Oxford man, Bartholomew Peisley. He and his son built it partly of freestone from the Cotswolds, partly of rubble from Blenheim Park, and partly of stones that had once formed the walls of the royal manor house of Woodstock which, until the Marlboroughs condemned it, stood close to the northern end of the new bridge.

'Like the palace itself the Grand Bridge rose spasmodically. Supplies of stone and money were intermittent. At times the meadows the bridge stood in were flooded, and until the Glyme stream subsided no building could be carried on. But at last, in the summer of 1710, the great arch was keyed; and at this Peisley, the mason, as a contemporary testifies, was "very proud and overjoyed, it being a great and nice piece of



Wicken Fen, owned by the National Trust, is one of England's most famous nature reserves. (Inset) A Montagu's harrier

E. J. Hosking

work". Henry Wise was still digging, for he had to pile up causeways to join the bridge to the cliffs at either end of it. Nowadays, with mechanical grabs and bulldozers this might not amount to much. In terms of waggon-loads and shovels, however, it must have seemed akin to building the Great Pyramid. It became known as "Mr. Wise's Digg" and it lasted, with many interruptions, eight years.

'In 1711—when the main arch had been keyed and the Peisleys were preparing to add the towers and the arcading which Vanbrugh had designed to look like a Roman aqueduct rising from the parapets—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, stepped in and forbade the masons to lay another stone until Marlborough returned from the wars and sanctioned—or, more likely, condemned—the extravagance. Vanbrugh protested that he had the Duke's full authority for carrying up the bridge to its proper height. He could not or would not believe that the Duchess really disliked it. But the Duchess hated the bridge altogether. She wrote bitterly to her friend, Mrs. Jennens: "That which makes it so much prettier than London Bridge is that you may sit in six rooms and look out at the window into the high arch while the coaches are driving over your head". She recoiled at its proportions. It "passed all men's understanding". Nor, in her contempt, was she alone. Sir Christopher Wren himself assured her that "after grete expense of wit and money it would not bee liked". When it became obvious to the Duchess that, thanks to loss of favour and other mischance, much of Blenheim, that was to have been the nation's gift, would have to be

paid for out of Marlborough's pocket, she countenanced it only inasmuch as it was her husband's passion. For his sake she would live with him there for his last two summers, and for his memory and glory she would in her own fashion finish it—including the bridge, which should have its road though not its superstructure of arcades and towers'.

## OUR MOST FAMOUS NATURE RESERVE

'Two thousand years ago', said R. S. R. FITTER in a Home Service talk, 'almost all the rich farmlands of England were marsh, swamp, peat-bog, and dense woodland. Our ancestors cleared them and drained them, achieving in the Fenland much the same result as the Dutch in their own country. So today we are hard put to it to find any piece of land that is sufficiently natural to be worth preserving. Nevertheless there are still a few small patches of fen in much the same state that they must have been in the days of the Romans. Such patches are to be found in Huntingdonshire at Holme and Woodwalton, and in Cambridgeshire at Wicken and Chippenham. Many of you have probably seen Holme Fen. It is that fine piece of birch woodland by the main railway line from King's Cross to York, a few miles south of Peterborough.

'Wicken Fen, I suppose, is the most famous nature reserve in England, and it belongs very properly to the National Trust. It also provides an excellent example of the problems of managing a nature reserve and of deciding what really is wild nature. If you have ever been to Wicken, and perhaps seen a short-eared owl or a harrier gliding over the reeds, you will surely have felt that here at any rate, in this small corner of an unco' urban country, you are face to face with untouched nature.

'Yet Wicken Fen is in fact largely artificial; not, of course, as artificial as a cornfield or your front garden, but certainly not untouched nature. The natural vegetation of reeds and rushes and sedge has been regularly cut, for fodder and thatching, for hundreds of years. If it were not cut regularly, the natural succession of the vegetation would lead first of all to bushes of willow and buckthorn and hawthorn growing up—"invading" as the botanists call it. Then, as the soil got drier, oaks would arrive, and in the end the fen would turn into a patch of oak wood. Indeed, half the problems, both of farmers and of those who manage nature reserves, arise from this fact, that if nature had her way we should all be back living in a dense oak wood and feeding on wild fruits and berries and what birds and beasts we could shoot with slings and arrows. Part of Wicken Fen has indeed been allowed to grow up, to show what would happen if the mowing were stopped, and it was a very dense thicket when I was last there'.

## PIRACY A LA MODE

In 'Letter from America', ALISTAIR COOKE related the story of a 'first-class' American 'playboy'. He got an idea one day a few years ago, walked into a New York insurance broker's, said he was going to charter a yacht and go on a South Seas' cruise and he wanted "piracy insurance". Now although maritime insurance started a few hundred years ago by giving insurance to shippers against the risk of pirates, it has been quite some time since anybody has recouped their losses in this way. But it is still on the books, as an interesting historical relic. The premiums, as you can imagine, are absurd. Well, everybody in New York thought the man was crazy, or they smelled a rat, and turned him down. He was not crazy. He promptly sailed across the Atlantic and put up the same proposition to an insurance broker in a Scandinavian country. Their concept of pirates, too, was something with bandannas, and the premium was so ridiculous (say, about one dollar for every 20,000 dollars-worth of insurance) that they thought they might as well indulge this frightened eccentric and earn an honest buck out of his timidity. So they gave him a policy and he paid something like twenty dollars.

'He hired the yacht, collected his fancy friends, and sailed—but east into the Baltic. When he came close to Riga, and inside the Soviet territorial waters, he ran up the Russian flag—but it was the flag of the Tsars. The Soviet coastguard came ripping out in his direction and seized the yacht. They let him and his crew go and a few days later he turned up in Scandinavia, went to the insurance firm and pointed out that its country did not recognise the Soviet Union. The firm refused to pay, so he sued them, and the courts held that the Soviet coastguard came within the statutory definition of a pirate. I guess the Russians still have the yacht. But Mr. X has half-a-million dollars'.



# The Man of December

By A. J. P. TAYLOR

SOME historical characters—I would say most—become simpler as you know more about them. The lines get stronger, clearer; you see a whole man, you know how he will behave, how he will face difficulties, how he will respond to success. In the end he will go into one of those two pigeon-holes that are so jeered at and yet are essential for the moral judgment that we finally have to make: he can be docketed as ‘a good thing’—or a bad one. But some few escape us and baffle examination. The more we strip off their disguises, the more new disguises appear. Such was Louis Napoleon, the man of mystery. I have always clung to a saying of Machiavelli that I learnt, as I have learnt so much else, from Professor Namier: a man has only one character, as he has only one face. It does not work for Napoleon III. Conspirator and statesman; dreamer and realist; despot and democrat; maker of wars and man of peace; creator and muddler; you can go on indefinitely, until you begin to think that he had no character at all, that at the heart of him was a gigantic nothing. All the greatest political observers of the time tried to penetrate his secret: Tocqueville, Marx, Thiers, Victor Hugo—all failed to make sense of him. Bismarck called him a Sphinx, and added: he was a Sphinx without a riddle. Was it not rather that he had too many riddles, and riddles to which he himself did not know the answer?

Everything about him baffles enquiry. Was he the son of his father? It seems unlikely. Yet if not, then of whom? He was a master of concealment. Whatever his other failings, he left few traces. The letters of Napoleon I fill sixty-four volumes; the letters of Napoleon III, even if they could be brought together, would not fill one. He talked endlessly to a great variety of witnesses, but—like the smoke of the cigarettes that he was one of the first to favour—his talk was vague and intangible; it vanished into the air, leaving only a faint romantic odour, a thin cloud of mystery. There, I think, is the first thing about him. He was a creature of the Romantic movement, a Byronic hero gone seedy and rather out-at-elbows. Bulwer Lytton and the young Disraeli had the same touch, both in their writings and in their lives: an artificial excitement, a grandeur of ideas and a triviality of performance. The men who grew up in the thirty years after the battle of Waterloo played out their lives in the shadow of the great Napoleon, Napoleon I. He had done great things; they manufactured great phrases. When Napoleon I called himself Emperor of the French, this was an empire which stretched across Europe to the frontiers of Russia and Turkey. Napoleon III, as Emperor, ruled only over the old Kingdom of France, and all that he added to his empire in nearly twenty years was Savoy and a scrap of Indo-China. This was a typical gesture of the Romantic movement, and its great legacy to our own time: the name on the bottle was more important than the drink inside it; the man who writes the advertisement is more important than the man who makes the goods—as for the goods themselves, they are of no importance at all.

One writer has called Louis Napoleon ‘the modern Emperor’; another ‘the first mountebank dictator’. Perhaps they are the same thing. The radicals of 1848 had claimed that they were bringing the

masses into politics. The response had been disappointing. It was Louis Napoleon who first got the djinn out of the bottle. He said himself: ‘Other French governments have ruled with the support of perhaps one million of the educated classes; I have called in the other twenty-nine million’. This determined his policy. Napoleon I did great things and then sought to present them in a striking way; Napoleon III looked for things that would appear striking and only then dressed them up as important. He deceived everyone, including himself. He could be an idealist free trader with Richard Cobden; a respectable sovereign with Queen Victoria; an unscrupulous schemer, when he was with Bismarck. But there was also the myth that he had created for himself and which took in even him. He really saw himself as the all-wise dictator, the Caesar who would reconcile all the classes in France and would remake the map of Europe. ‘When a man of my name is in power, he must do great things’. He thrashed about like a lion in a cage, convinced that it ought to be ranging the jungle; always looking for great things to do, never finding them. He was no lion; he would have made an agreeable, though untrustworthy, domestic cat.

Great men in public life have power. That is what stamps them. They fight to get it and they use it ruthlessly when it is in their hands. Louis Napoleon would not pass this test of greatness. He loved conspiracy: the process of intrigue by which he moved towards power or the endless plans for using it. But he hated the action which threatened to follow these plans. For instance, the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, which is the excuse for this talk, had been planned months before and put off at least twice. When it came to the point, Louis Napoleon hesitated again and might have put it off once more, had not the politicians of the

Assembly forced his hands, by beginning to make plans against him. And that, he thought, was unfair as well as being dangerous: like other conspirators, he claimed a monopoly in dishonesty. Or take his dealings with Cavour, which brought Italy into being.

The famous meeting at Plombières was a perfect example of his methods: the secret messages through somebody else's doctor; Cavour's trip to Plombières under a false name; the long discussions which left nothing on paper. The two men re-drew the map of Italy in a few bold strokes; war and peace, and the future destinies of a nation, were settled between the puffs of a cigarette. Napoleon was roused only when they turned to discuss the trick with which they could provoke war; the conspirator's device was the thing that won his interest and held it for hour after hour. Cavour displayed all his gifts in devising schemes to lure Austria into the war that was to be her ruin; and Napoleon was delighted. It was very different when the time came to put the plans into action. Then Napoleon was all for delay, as fertile in excuses as he had once been in plans, and resentful when Cavour held him to his bargain. Six weeks before the war for the liberation of Italy broke out, he told Cavour that the war would have to be postponed for at least a year; and then no doubt he would have been for further delay. ‘You should know how to wait as I do’. But



Napoleon III, whose *coup d'état* took place 100 years ago this week



his waiting had no purpose. He preferred to dream rather than to act; to make great plans, not to carry them out. He was a procrastinating adventurer; more of a scoundrel in his thoughts than in his deeds.

It was the same when Bismarck discussed the future of Germany with him at Biarritz in 1865. Napoleon supplied the key-note of the talks: 'We must not make events; we must let them happen'. Imagine a man who has lived by robbing banks saying: 'We must not blow open the safe; we must wait for it to fall open'. Bismarck is often credited with having tricked Napoleon at Biarritz: he got permission to go ahead with his plans for defeating Austria, yet promised Napoleon nothing in return. There was no trickery in this; it was what Napoleon wanted. But, again, not for the sophisticated reason so often given. He did not avoid formulating his demands for German territory for fear that Bismarck would think them too great and give up war against Austria. It was his old line of waiting. He did not know what to demand; he only knew how to wait, or so he thought. The conversations at Biarritz suited him even better than the bargain at Plombières. With Cavour he had had to commit himself to action, however grudgingly; with Bismarck he committed himself only to inaction, a course of policy which he meant to follow in any case. Bismarck was to provide the action; and Napoleon was somehow to profit from it. He was like a man who haunts the gambling-rooms in the belief that, if he encourages others to bet, he will one day draw a great prize.

### Bastard Empire and Sham Emotions

The twenty years when Louis Napoleon ruled France were a period of great creative activity in every country of Europe. The steam engine and the railway spread across the Continent. In France, too, the Second Empire promised energy and creation; yet it was in these twenty years that France lost the leadership of Europe in politics, in economics, in culture. The Second Empire claimed to be Wagner and turned out to be Offenbach—a frivolous echo of the past, not an inspiration for the future. It was the bastard of the great Napoleon—in name, in policy, even in men. It was said at the time that, though Louis Napoleon was not the son of his father, everyone else at Court was the son of his mother. Morny was his illegitimate half-brother; Walewski the illegitimate son of Napoleon I. Its emotions were sham, also. This system which claimed to care for the masses was run by the most dishonest politicians who have ever governed France. All of them, even Napoleon himself, were convinced that the Empire would not last; and they plundered France while the opportunity lasted. Under the July monarchy Guizot had said to the French middle classes: 'Get rich'. The statesmen of the Second Empire applied this doctrine.

In foreign affairs there was the same contradiction between the phrases and the reality. Napoleon liked to believe that his empire had sprung from the resentment which every Frenchman felt against the settlement of Europe made at Vienna in 1815 after the defeat of his uncle. In reality, this settlement had given France a position of primacy in Europe and had made her secure; if it was changed France was bound to suffer. Hence Napoleon was constantly driven forward; and as constantly shrank from the results. In Sorel's words: 'His name was his fortune and his undoing. His origins condemned him to success'. Any other Frenchman might have defended the settlement of 1815; a Napoleon could not. Louis Napoleon believed that nationalism was the winning cause in Europe; and he meant to associate himself with its success. Despite his preference for inaction, he could never support conservatism when it came to the point; and he tried to satisfy German and Italian nationalism, without injuring France. In the outcome, he failed on both counts. He estranged Italy by holding on to Rome; he tried to make German unity stop at the Main; and by his very inaction took the decisive steps which ended the career of France as the Great Power of Europe.

Yet, with all his cunning, there was great good will. He really cared for Italy; he sympathised with Germany, or at any rate with German romanticism. He dreamt always of a Europe in which there would be 'a peaceful redress of grievances'; and he was the first European statesman in a responsible position to put forward plans for general disarmament. But, of course, they were plans in which the preponderance of France had to be recognised and made permanent. Disarmament, as always, seemed most attractive to the power that was on the decline.

Though he ruined France as a great power, he made France what she still is—as far as looks go. The Paris which tourists admire, the Paris of the opera and the great boulevards, is the creation of Napoleon III. Like every adventurer who has arrived Napoleon wanted

something solid to show, something that would assert his permanence against the facts. And the Paris of Napoleon III has not done badly—better, at any rate, than the Berlin of Hitler or the Rome of Mussolini. Yet even this was a fraud. Its real purpose was to make long, wide streets so that a revolt could be put down easily, hardly a gesture of confidence towards the twenty-nine million. And having tricked others, Napoleon here misled himself. When his empire fell, there was no whiff of grapeshot; not a shot was fired. The boulevards had failed of their purpose.

We imagine nowadays—and even take pride in the thought—that dictators, swindling their way to power and keeping power by a succession of tricks, are a disease peculiar to the twentieth century. But there is nothing new in Hitler or Mussolini: Louis Napoleon had all their cards up his sleeve, except, perhaps, their brutality. He did not need a Nietzsche to put him beyond good and evil; he had arrived at the idea for himself. Certainly he owed his success to the same historic causes. The great French revolution destroyed the history of France before going on to destroy the history of Europe. Destroy tradition; destroy the political values on which a community has been built up, and only class war remains.

Marx did not discover this class war. He observed it in France and then generalised it as a formula for the future. That is the only way of the prophet: to foretell as the future what has already happened. Marx's prophecy has come off better than most, but in one vital point he went wrong. He supposed that the class war would be fought to a finish, that one side would win. And, since the bourgeoisie could not exterminate the proletariat, the proletariat would exterminate the bourgeoisie. There has been a different outcome: someone has slipped in between, played off one class against the other and exploited both. This, not his ragbag of ideas, was the great historical innovation of Louis Napoleon. He appealed to the fears of the middle classes when he made the *coup d'état* and presented himself as 'the Guardian of Order'. But he was also, in his muddled way, a socialist; he did more for the French working classes than any other French government before or since; and when he died a trade-union representative was the only man to come from France to his funeral.

But there was also another France, the France that had been created by the great revolution after what had been destroyed: the France that cared for liberty and the Rights of Man. This made the great difference between Louis Napoleon and his twentieth-century successors. The generals and civil servants and business men of Germany no doubt thought Hitler a barbarian; but once he had gained power, they licked his boots. The writers and political leaders of France never forgave Napoleon for the trickery and violence by which he had come to power. They turned their backs on him and condemned him to rely on his fellow-gangsters. It is not surprising that many Frenchmen supported Napoleon, especially in his hour of success; what is surprising and honourable is that so many Frenchmen opposed him from beginning to end. It was easy to be against Napoleon when he turned out to be the man of Sedan. It was his doom that he was branded from the start, and branded in history as the man of December.

—Third Programme

## To a Notebook

You always open at unfinished pages.  
Behind, the failures: daunting blanks ahead.  
Here and not elsewhere my emotion rages.  
Hungry for dreams you lie beside my bed.

An enemy to life, you give it hints  
Of how to live: it still returns to you.  
Yet your neglect means that my living stints  
My life of all I feel, consider true.

You are the brilliant portrait that has made  
Uneasy the nonentity it hired.  
I'd like to end you but I am afraid,  
Knowing that entry must be undesired.

Will you survive me? That's my constant care,  
Living a miser for a doubtful heir.

ROY FULLER





## The Spaniards

The second of two talks by V. S. PRITCHETT on 'A Return to Spain'

CERTAIN cities in southern Europe have gone architecturally mad. Barcelona has long been famous for its *nouveau riche* fantasies, but I am thinking also of Genoa and Milan and especially of Madrid. They have gone in for vast packing-case blocks of flats and imitation skyscrapers. There is an excuse for Genoa, which is closely hemmed in by mountains, and the situation of the city gives it dramatic rights. But Milan? Madrid? Surely theirs is pure, arrogant sensationalism, the megalomania of the rich *banditti* who are arrogantly determined on display as a calculated alternative to solving the savage social problems of these overcrowded places. In the case of Madrid, the effect is bewildering. A huge new city has jumped up, a place of dazzling prison blocks and pretentious, tasteless public monuments—and nothing is finished because the money has run out. It is the old Spanish vice of overbidding their hand, but without the wealth, the tradition, the religious and political dominance which made Spain great. Madrid looks like a gigantic film set, in the worst taste, that has stopped production. It is a sinister warning of the rhetorical cult of national greatness.

This change has been creeping on for some time. In the early years of this century, Madrid had copied Paris in a provincial way. By 1914 it was sticking dough-like bellies on its balconies. The real charm of Madrid lay in the old seventeenth-century quarter, in beautiful buildings of grey and terracotta, like the Ayuntamiento; and after that there was the rather sedate, rather sad, nineteenth-century bourgeois air. The Spaniards had a certain pride in being out of date and behind the times. It was a sign of respectability. In the 'twenties Madrid was full of sad, bourgeois people practising the conventions with a rather delightful obstinacy. It was a place for getting your knuckles rapped socially, absurdly snobbish and dead in the sort of way that recalled an old-fashioned, long-winded sentimental novel. The poor were very poor, but genial. The middle classes were very shocked when the Spanish poor were admired, their dances, songs, customs, and popular arts studied by the intellectuals. Excursions into the country were, even as late as the 'twenties, still highbrow, left-wing, probably anti-Catholic. The great outcry was that it was too European, and to say Europe to conservative Spaniards is to say the Devil.

All this gave Madrid an obdurate Victorian charm. The chief cafés were comfortable worn out places, The spittoon—obedient to the national vice—was everywhere. (A collection of Spanish spittoons would be an interesting item for a social museum and might be correlated with figures

for tuberculosis.) The cafés were packed until three or four in the morning with men—for respectable women did not go to them until the late 'thirties. One was struck by the immense number of elderly priests in the middle of the city; also by the dozens of army generals in their red coats. From the streets one had the impression of a dominantly male society, for the women were shut up at home, and met for tea or chocolate in their best clothes and jewellery. It was a city of male talkers. Politicians with their courts of secretaries walked up and down, the most favoured walking next to the great man who was commonly very fat. The Spanish double chin used to be like a pale motor tyre and give a look of sadness and martyrdom to figures who were deep in the perennial corruption of Spanish politics. There was also a special kind of Spanish solitary who walked along glumly, devoid of introspection, blank faced like the moon; you bumped into him in the crowd and he did not know it. A wonderful cushion of invisible passivity surrounded him. It was a country of sleepy Oblomovs, and indeed the more I read of Russian literature in the nineteenth century the more it sounds like Spain of the 'twenties and 'thirties with the snow and the alcohol removed—for the Spaniards had no aperitifs, and if they drank a glass of *anis* or wine always took two glasses of water with it as gesture of sobriety and frugality. Spain consisted of single-purpose men: some entirely occupied themselves with sleep, others with sitting, others with gambling, others with the pursuit of women, others with talking, and so on. In every family there seemed to be one phenomenal man who worked, generally worked day and night at two or three different jobs, and provided (like some uncompaining patriarch) for the family of relations who had the talent—for it is obviously a gift—of doing without employment. I have known many of these single-purpose men. They were all instructive, and like all people who go in for excess—unworldly. They were pointers to an important pole in the Spanish character: the positive choice, in any situation, of frugality, of finding the minimum required for sustaining life.

The type has persisted through uglier, harder, brisker times. But Madrid certainly has changed. The handful of rich are certainly in a very strong position, but the old graduations seem to have gone. The lower-middle class, I suspect, has come up. The super-cinema has arrived. There is no fantastic incompetent traffic jam of yellow trams from the Puerta del Sol to the post office. The traffic moves fast. How different now the Puerta del Sol; it is dead. Only two cafés, I think,



are left. The crowds that stroll up and down thickly between six o'clock and two or three in the morning have moved up to the skyscrapers of the Gran Via. The ill-lit city, with its sad lamps shining through the acacias, now has rivers of Neon lighting, colossal cinemas, cafés of green marble and furnished like luxury sets from Hollywood. One has stepped out of the nineteenth century into the shiny American magazines. It is rare to see a priest. Women now go to cafés. There is an air of gaiety and luxury and expense. The crowds in Madrid have never been fashionable but everyone is well dressed; even in the poorer quarters there seem to be clothes carefully kept for the street, and Spaniards, both male and female, are most careful of their personal appearance. The women's hair has been brushed to the point of agony. And if the life of the day has been wretched, if it has meant a struggle for food or money, a fight with the shocking cost of living, the evening is the *fiesta* and everyone is out.

### Aggressive Primness

The chief change, I thought, was that the crowd had become standardised, but now in a new bright pattern. The young women wore red or green jerseys in the Gran Via, but they were wearing them in Toledo as they walked out on Sunday night. And in the poor, ruinous villages of Castile, the peasant girls, whom one expected to see in worn-out black, were wearing the same respectable uniform. The civil war has probably given a status to the lower-middle classes, and has certainly brought out a kind of aggressive primness, the underlying Catholic puritanism of Spaniards. The difference between Spanish men and women has often been remarked on; often the women seem to belong to a different race. Listen to their conversation: it is very decided, they hold their chins high, they seem to be asserting their independence of the friend they are talking to. They give no admiration. They are often very amusing; but, after French or Italian women, they seem very collected, rather severe, fanatically and rather simply attached to conventional prejudice, and rather male. A new and amusing aspect of women's life in Spain is that for the first time large numbers of them are now taking all kinds of educational courses: it has a practical reason. Going to classes gets them an hour or two's liberty from family supervision.

Conventionality, a sort of Victorian prudery, the fiercely anti-intellectual and the dull, have returned to Spain. Its popular arts are declining rapidly. It is a country which has driven its best minds out. 'We live in a wilderness. One sees now that we hate civilisation and are a nation of extremists who end in apathy and waste'. The words were from the only friend of my early days I could find in Madrid. He is old, sad, and embittered, but what he says is true in a way; censorship has killed the arts, and driven good intellectual minds into little safe corners. There is only one novelist of any account among the young and his second book has to be published out of the country; he himself had worked for the censorship. It was a case of a censor censored.

Still, if Spain is a mess, there is nothing new in that. Spanish vitality, the Spanish habit—how shall I say it?—of putting life first, of putting the self first—they are as strong as ever. A stoical exposure of everything, resignation, a charitable indifference relieved by fantastically scandalous rumours—that is the atmosphere. One expands before the lack of restriction in the spectacle of human nature: the pretty, the ugly, the lazy, the tragic, the ferocious, everything. Certainly in a city like Naples also the whole of human life is thrown in your face—Naples has a long tradition of Spanish rulers and blood—but the Italians are as clever as monkeys. They are always acting and amusing one another. They are naive, too. In Madrid, and even more in Seville, the Spaniards are not clever; they are not acting. They are letting life live itself out blatantly, and underneath one sees a fundamental moral pattern. It is partly the Catholic myth, partly some harsh, African pagan sense of the mercilessness of life. Behind the Spaniards is fate. In the north we are ashamed of pain and misery. We hurry our evils away to be cured. We worry to death about them. Here evil is built into the pattern: ideal country for a writer who can pick his material out of the streets, or see a figure marked by history at a dinner table, which he would miss in his own country.

There is, for example, at dinner one night the really Escorial type of Spanish reactionary: ultramontane in religion, veneered by cosmopolitan tastes, suave; lost in an excellent education which has turned out to be a memory exercise, protected by anecdotes very often used; a courtier without a court; strong in Vatican policy and gossip about Cardinals; rich, hard, nervous. He has the air of 'sitting something out'. What?

The regime, of course; he despises it. He belongs to a class that has sat out 300 years of history; he hopes to sit out the modern world. What worries him is that for all his clever connections, he has already been discarded; does he, despite his intellectual slumming, despite his brisk American contacts, date? He is distinctly nervous.

I remember one or two street scenes. A deaf and dumb man is telling a long story by signs to a deaf and dumb woman in the middle of the pavement of the Gran Via. The thick evening crowd has to divide and circle round them, for they require a lot of room, like two boxers. So intent is everyone on his own life that nobody even turns to look at them. Their eyes are brilliant and quick and entranced with each other. They are like hypnotists who have hypnotised each other, and they are helpless with smiles and laughter. I have not seen such happiness on people's faces for a long time, except once or twice on the faces of lovers.

Then, in one of the churches, there were two men praying before a crucified Christ; one stood at attention and his lips hardly moved, but beside him an oldish man with a grey beard rose from his knees in emotion, kissed the toes, then the instep and the ankle of the Christ, and then, caressing the calf, the knee, the thigh in turn, kissed them, and gazed with adoration as if he expected the figure to answer him or move. Then, with tears on his cheeks, he turned quickly to another altar and prayed there. One saw how realistic Spanish religious art is, for its sculpture and its painting convey exactly and physically these extremities of emotion. It was strange to see a work of art enacted at one's feet in human terms.

There is the dapper little father of the eight young children who packs them all into the crowded corridor of the train between Cordoba and Seville, loses them, counts them, recounts them, cannot find the baby, finds the baby, everyone laughing at him. He is laughing, too. And when they get to Seville they are met by just as many other children, goodness knows how many women and prams, all laughing, kissing, and shouting, and moving off into the syrupy air under the palm trees outside. The super-philoprogenitive man, soul of order, optimism, and delight, he marches a selection of his brood round the cathedral in Seville the next day. He gives each one a tap on the head to make him bob at the right moment and, pointing out a work of art or two in brisk fashion, goes out dapper as a bantam into the blaze of the sun.

And the horrors: that gypsy with the dying baby in the stinking rush of the Madrid underground. The shouting working-class women, the gypsy crouching under their elbows. The baby, elderly, like an old duchess, sunken cheeked, almost black in the face, the lips blue as it lay with an expression of famished cynicism, a little aristocrat of death.

A writer comes back from Spain with his notebook filled. Nothing in Spain is concealed. The Spaniards live for certain high moments, for certain subtle moments, in their lives—the famous moment of truth. But just as in the bullfight that famous moment of truth so rarely comes off and ends in muddle before the catcalls of the crowd, so a kind of gifted incompetence keeps the bizarre, the comic, the dreadful, the simple human things before the traveller's eyes. In the north civilisation has dehumanised us; in Spain I have had the unromantic shock of finding myself among human beings as if I had come back from a long absence from the human race.—*Third Programme*

## Sonnet

I who so carefully keep in such repair  
The six-inch king and the toy treasury,  
Prince, poet, realm shrivelled in time's black air,—  
I am not, although I seem, an antiquary.

For this scant-acre kingdom is not dead,  
Nor save in seeming shrunk. When at its gate,  
Which you pass every day, you bend your head  
And enter (you need not knock; it keeps no state)

You will be with space and order magistral,  
And that contracted world so vast will grow  
That this will seem a little tangled field.

For you will be in very truth with all  
In their due place and honour, row on row.  
For this I read the emblem on the shield.

EDWIN MUIR



## Art

# The Burgundian Exhibition in Brussels

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

**I**N the centre of one of the rooms of the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels stands under glass what is left of Claus Sluter's Christ from the Charterhouse of Champmol near Dijon. It is without any doubt the most powerful piece of sculpture in the Burgundian Exhibition, grave and quiet, without any of the grimacings of earlier figures of Christ Crucified. A face of deep suffering, eyes closed, mouth tight, but a face of infinite majesty. This Christ once hung from a cross of stone on a big base against which stand six

which one could appreciate the carving of a Sluter and at the same time, applied to it, the painting of a Malouel or van Eyck? It has been suggested, and I for one believe it, that the average listener to music in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a better ear for polyphony than we have, after the century of Beethoven and Wagner. Had they in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a better eye to see sculptural and pictorial values simultaneously?

However that may be, the Burgundian Exhibition brings home

strongly that strange contrast between a world of gross splendour and another of tenderness and an intimacy just a little narrow and confined. There are, on the one hand, the huge tapestries which decorated the palaces of the great, and on the other hand the altar-pieces, say of Memling. The tapestries are all crowded and coarse in design, the paintings all meticulously carried out, with tiny dots of colour like pearls and a smooth enamel-like surface, and, though brimful of incident, never crowded, and never restless. Their placidity is indeed one of their most remarkable features; for it pervades these



'Martyrdom of St. Erasmus': triptych by Dirk Bouts (fifteenth century)

figures of prophets, Moses in huge, bulging and cascading draperies being the most famous of them. After him the whole base, alone surviving complete of the monument, is known as the Moses Fountain. The prophets are individually characterised with a variety of age, attitude, and type, unprecedented in the north or in Italy. The date of the monument is 1395-1406. If you want something to compare it with, think of Donatello. But he is twenty or thirty years later. In sheer sculptural force, Sluter is Donatello's equal, but he worked in an atmosphere very different from that of Cosimo Medici's Florence. For he was in the service of the Duke of Burgundy at Dijon.

The splendour of the Burgundian court is something hard for us to visualise, not only because we are not used to seeing much gold and much jewellery these days, but also because our tastes have lost the freshness, the naivety, or—should I say?—the childishness of that time. Sluter's Moses Fountain was painted originally. In fact Jean Malouel, the court painter, received as much for it as Sluter himself. The prophets had red and blue mantles, with gold stars and suns, the painstakingly carved leather-belts were painted brown and gold, the hems of the mantles have carved embroidery, and that also was painted, and one of the figures had spectacles of brass gilt. Do you find that silly, and a little vulgar? Well—consider this. In 1454 a grand entertainment of the Burgundian court was held at Lille. There you could see the Eglise, an allegorical female, in a tower on an elephant led by a Turkish giant, and you could listen to an orchestra of twenty-eight, playing inside a pie. In 1468, on another court occasion, a tower forty-six feet high appeared, with wild boars playing trumpets, wolves playing the flute, and four donkeys as soloist singers.

Deplorably bad taste? Yet perhaps we have grown too squeamish in distinguishing between the realms of painting, sculpture and, what I suppose we should call, the mobile. It is known that Jan van Eyck painted pieces of sculpture. Might there not be a sense lost to us by

paintings regardless of what they represent. At the exhibition you can see, for instance, Dirk Bouts' 'Martyrdom of St. Erasmus'. His bowels, as you probably know, were torn out of him, a specially ghastly form of execution. Bouts shows it done with a technique of gruesome neatness. A small incision had been made into the saint's belly, and he has been placed beneath a capstan, with two handles and a horizontal bar. The bowels come out of the body as a kind of white filament—no blood at all is visible—and are wound up on the bar of the capstan very much as if it were an illustration of some process of mechanical spinning. Behind is a group of figures standing as still in the landscape as if nothing were happening near them.

How should one explain this callousness? Certainly not by saying that such tortures were so alien to the painter that he could not give them more probability. On the contrary, do not forget that public executions, public whippings, all kinds of publicly exposed cruelty were everyday events. You must think of what some of you have seen in the war and read



Gérard Loyet's Reliquary of Charles the Bold (gold and enamel, fifteenth century)



of the concentration camp to realise fully what the artist of the Burgundian century—for instance when he painted a Crucifixion—could do from memories of sufferings seen and heard. That of course makes Bouts' Martyrdom of St. Erasmus all the more puzzling. I suggest the answer may be this. It is true that the painters of the fifteenth century were interested in the things around them much more keenly than artists had ever been before. It is true that they regarded it as the most fascinating part of their job to represent as accurately as could possibly be done every item of clothing and furnishing, every wrinkle in a face, every hair of a beard. But this patient observation and patient copying called for calm, calm in the painter and calm in the world around him. If the world was not calm—and it certainly was not—it had to be given that calm by the artist. The close intimacy of the craftsman's workshop, where, to achieve the high-precision results of this kind of painting, no outer disturbance can be permitted to interfere, becomes substituted for the world of gruesome events and of jubilant state occasions.

### 'A World of Stillness'

Still, I admit, the painter could not have created this world of stillness out of nothing. But there existed in fact in the spiritual life of the fifteenth century in the Netherlands a tendency towards that quiet. It is the tendency which had led to the establishment of the lay communities of the Brothers of Common Life in Holland, late in the fourteenth century, and to Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. 'Eschew thou noise and the press of men', he preaches, and 'How may he long abide in peace that seeketh occasions outward and seldom gathereth himself within himself'. It is this spirit of the piety of the narrow towns and the craftsmen that we see in the works of the Eycks and of Memling. But the remarkable thing remains that those for whom so much of that art was made should have been satisfied with so one-sided a view of their world. The answer here is perhaps that the patrons also, say the Dukes of Burgundy themselves, did not want to see in art the violence and the noise of their lives. They were connoisseurs, that is to say they appreciated art as art, art as something artificial, not in terms of *valeurs* as the Brothers Goncourt, nor in terms of significant form, as Mr. Clive Bell, but in terms of the most accomplished craftsmanship.

It is one of the most welcome eye-openers of the Burgundian Exhibition to see at least some of the most precious goldsmiths' works of the period. There are chiefly two which I would like to describe. One is a triptych of Christ held by an angel, with the Virgin and St. John, angels holding the instruments of the passion, St. Catherine and St. John the Baptist surmounted by the Coronation of the Virgin. This is of gold and enamel, partly opaque and partly translucent, and it is less than five inches by five inches in size. And second you can see and be duly amazed by the goldsmith Gérard Loyer's gold and enamel Reliquary of Charles the Bold, showing the pink-faced Duke kneeling and holding a relic of St. Lambert, and behind him St. George doffing his helmet with a gesture of awkward grace. This reliquary was given by the Duke in 1471 to the Cathedral of Liège in expiation of the razing of Liège. The rebellious town which, for the sake of its freedom—a freedom, of course, of the wealthy and powerful only—had resisted the efforts of the Duke to force it into the orbit of his influence, was taken at last in 1468. The infuriated Duke gave orders at once for it to be sacked. So, says Théodore Bouille's *Histoire de la ville et pays de Liège*:

This unfortunate town experienced all the cruelties which soldiers are used to perpetrate in captured places. They were to the number of 40,000, burning with desire to enrich themselves and knowing that their master had vowed the destruction of this great and opulent city. Like a raging torrent they forced their way into churches and houses, searched from the roof to the deepest cellars, not sparing even the ashes of the dead, and sacrificing men and women to their greed and their cruel brutality without distinction. Girls were raped and then massacred. Older men were forced by a show of unheard-of inhumanity to be the executioners of their children, to strangle them, to trample them to death under their feet, or to smash them on pavements or against the walls of churches.

And then, when all this had gone on for four days, came the time for contrition, and the precious and pretty little golden reliquary was made and presented. It all seems maddening to us, but there it is, and without this unresolved clash of violent and completely genuine feelings the century cannot be understood.

But to return to art, the fact remains that all the violence, even that of piety, stays outside its bounds—with very few exceptions, such

as that grandiose early fifteenth-century French Book of Hours known as the *Grandes Heures de Rohan*, and a few of the last works of that great melancholic, Hugo van der Goss, whose 'Death of the Virgin', on show now at Brussels, is one of the most disquieting works of the century. But otherwise the mood of art is placid, not only in the altarpieces for town churches, but even in the secular stories in the precious picture-books made for the courts. The tales, legendary or topical, told in the illuminated manuscripts certainly called for the representation of action and movement. But even they seem to us nearly always curiously arrested, as if they were no more than highly mannered *tableaux vivants*.

We get much too much of our ideas of the art of the fifteenth century in the north from our picture galleries. Illuminated manuscripts are seen by few and consequently often forgotten in one's assessment of the century and its art. The exhibition has a gorgeous wealth of manuscripts. The secular books are especially interesting. They show a remarkably wide range of titles. Surviving oil paintings would never make one expect these stories of Aeneas and Charlemagne; these stories from Cicero and Froissart, Valerius Maximus and the Decameron. And in all these manuscripts around the texts in their crabbed, spiky Gothic hands, and around the minutely painted pictures of Lucretia stabbing herself or of 'Messire Charles de Blois, comment il fut pris des Anglois', there are borders of leaf trails with humming birds and lightly scattered flowers.

This patient art of illumination is the source of the Brothers van Eyck and the Ghent Altar which, after careful and revealing restoration, could be seen for a few weeks at the exhibition and is now back at the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent. It had rightly been made the centre of the exhibition; for Ghent and Bruges, where Eyck lived, and Holland and Seeland and even Amiens all belonged to the Burgundian Dukes in the fifteenth century.

The Ghent Altar shows all the various points I have so far made, a craftsmanship more precise than any painter's before, a faith to nature undaunted by conventions even to the hair on the arms and legs of Adam and the pubic hair of Eve, a perfect stillness which can be that of the solemn processions arriving from all sides to worship the Lamb, or that of the cool, secluded chamber where the angel greets Mary. He comes from the left and addresses her in golden letters emanating from his slightly opened mouth and written across the room, and her '*Ecce Ancilla Domini*' is written in the same way from her towards him and therefore, most oddly, in mirror image, the wrong way round, to show that it is speech from her to him, from right to left. Equally medieval is the conception of the prophets and sibyls above the Annunciation with their scrolls giving chapter and verse of their prophecies. This unison of untroubled faith in the traditions and conventions of the Christian past with that very search for a scientific truth in nature which was so soon to break up the old Catholic world is indeed the secret of the art of the Ghent Altar and the religious painting of the Burgundian century altogether. The Ghent Altar is the work of an artist who belonged to Bruges and its close-knit city life, yet worked for courts and was appreciated by them, and was even several times sent by the Duke of Burgundy on secret diplomatic missions—'*certaines voyages lointains*', say the documents, '*pour aucunes matières secrètes*'.

### Painting that Defeats Description

In the Louvre in Paris is Eyck's Virgin with the Chancellor Nicolas Rolin—to my taste the most lastingly moving picture in that whole collection. On the right is the Virgin with one of those very young faces with an entirely detached expression, as only Jan van Eyck could paint them. A little angel who could be her brother carries along a huge monstrously bejewelled crown to place it on her head. The way the crown is painted, or for that matter the border of the Virgin's mantle or the orb in the hand of the serious and rather ugly little boy in her lap, defeat description. Facing the Virgin, on the left, kneels the Chancellor, the mightiest man of Burgundy. '*Soloit tout gouverner tout seul*', writes Chastellain, '*just de guerre, just de paix, just en fait de finances*'. One trusts the truth of this remark, as one looks at these hard, sceptical features and these searching eyes.

You can see the same features painted more broadly by Roger van der Weyden in the polyptych which Rolin commissioned for the altar of the hospital which he had founded in 1443 in his town of Beaune in Burgundy. It represents the Last Judgment, and the chapel where it hung was part of the large long room where lay the sick. They were the sick poor; for on the first floor in one wing there were single rooms



for paying patients. The poor, however, were treated also to some splendour and there could not be anything more characteristic of the antinomies of the fifteenth century than the heavy, soft, Burgundy-red tapestries which were woven to serve as bedcovers for the beds of the sick. One of them is at the Brussels exhibition. They are adorned with the initials of Rolin and his wife, interlaced, with his device, his armorial birds, the turtle-dove, and plenty of stars, all the motifs

repeated endless times. These tapestries, the huge room with its warm, old timber-work in semi-darkness, the cold features of the Chancellor, and Roger's calm figures of Christ and his Saints presiding over the doom of all those little, frightened, naked people below—the Hospital at Beaune is, I assure you, the ideal shrine to speculate on the *splendeurs et misères* of the Burgundian century, when the exhibition at Brussels is over.—*Third Programme*

## ‘The Poor Man’s Miniature’

DAVID PIPER on the silhouette

**I**N 1757, a new Controller-General was appointed in France. To redeem the country's chaotic finances he pruned, cut back, uprooted; he even reduced the salaries of officials who were his relatives. The French, however, hold strong views about austerity; within nine months they threw him out. He retired to Brie-sur-Marne to reorganise his estates and, so they say, to decorate his house with designs cut out of paper. His name was Etienne de Silhouette.

Silhouette portraits, as they were made in England, were not, of course, invented by Silhouette. Cutting portraits out of paper had been a fashionable parlour game since much earlier in the century—Swift had commented on it—and historians like to trace analogies with Greek vase painting, or with the figures used for shadow puppet plays in the Nile valley in the early Middle Ages. But the heyday of the modern portrait silhouette is contained neatly in the hundred years between 1750 and 1850, when the professionals overran Europe, and the amateurs were innumerable.

The simplest way to make a silhouette of anyone was, and still is, to set him in profile between a bright light and the surface on which you wish to draw the portrait. You then draw round the edge of his shadow, and fill in the outline with black. The trouble with this method is that it is clumsy, and the result even bigger than life. People soon found that a silhouette much reduced in size was more satisfactory. To reduce the size to about two or three inches high, you could draw or cut direct, freehand, from your model—or you could use a special machine. Many of these were patented, with gorgeous if brief-lived names—the pantograph, the prosopographia, and physionotrace. There was Charles Schmalcalder's delineator, copier and proportionometer (one machine, not three). This at one end passed a steel rod delicately over your profile, and at the other end issued your silhouette, drawn or cut out as desired. Purists rejected the machine, but many professionals used them.

The type of silhouette most fashionable, to begin with, was the simple head portrait, truncated just below the shoulders. And, to begin with, silhouettes were pure black; black against white, or vice versa. This restraint was too severe to last, and almost immediately the hybrid forms sprang into outrageous flower. Details of dress were picked out in grey or white, then in gilt or bronze, until in some cases the silhouette became virtually a miniature in full colour, with ribbons, satin and silk in all their glory—but, amidst it all, still the flat, black face, lost and forlorn.

Today, the silhouette is a curio, and the great masters are forgotten. Few people have even heard of that gifted amateur, Mrs. Brown, or of John Miers,

perhaps the greatest of them all, of Rosenberg, Mrs. Beetham, Hamlet of Bath, or Charles of the Strand, or of Torond, the great master of the conversation-piece, or even of Edouart. Yet in their day they and hundreds more drove a tremendous trade. The great virtues of the silhouette were its cheapness and its speed. The average sitting lasted between one and five minutes—faster than a studio photograph. The

prices, even of the most famous artists, rarely rose above a guinea, and generally were much less. This combination of speed and cheapness brought a rush of sitters to the studio, but also, as the speed was disproportionate, it meant a rapid exhaustion of sitters in any one town. Only the most successful settled, either in London, or at one of the spas where the clientele was ever changing and renewing. The lesser members of the profession were as vagrant as touring actors.

Their lives are obscure. John Miers is typical, though he was most successful. He was born in Leeds in 1757 and worked there as painter, gilder, paint-merchant, and, apparently, as undertaker; then he added silhouettes to his repertoire. He

travelled in the north before settling in London in 1788. His early work is best, performed within the strictest limits of the medium; jet-black painted on card or plaster, the head and shoulders in profile, with no fancy work. But his skill was very subtle, and proves itself above all in the only places where the severe outline permitted any modulations, in the shadowy play of the hair, or the fall of the lace cravat.

Miers' work was static. The great virtuoso of movement in the silhouette was Augustin Edouart. Edouart was born at Dunkirk in 1789. He came to England in 1814, and practised at first in the odd craft of making pictures with hair. He discovered that he could cut silhouettes by accident: at a party he had disparaged some silhouettes; he was goaded to do better himself, until, as he said, 'in a fit of moderate passion, I took a pair of scissors that one of the young ladies used for her needle work'. In a moment he had produced a perfect likeness of one of the company. Urged to exploit his talent, he at first rejected the proposal with scorn; but once he did start, his success was extraordinary; between 1825 and 1849 he toured much of England and Ireland, and spent ten years in America; at Dublin, in one year alone, he is said to have taken over 6,000 portraits. Edouart cut his portraits straight from the paper at sight, almost always whole-length figures. His aim was to give the illusion of life, so he caught his subjects in movement, even attempting foreshortening. He liked—and here to my mind his taste failed him—to superimpose his black silhouettes on a landscape or interior, drawn naturalistically in pencil or watercolour. But the liveliness of his style is unique, and unapproached by any of his rivals. By the time Edouart died, in 1861, the living tradition of the silhouette was succumbing fast to an instrument that could take portraits as quickly and as cheaply as the silhouettists: the camera.—*From a talk in the Third Programme*



Two examples of the miniaturist's art: by John Miers (1757-1821)—Victoria and Albert Museum



—and by Augustin Edouart (1789-1861)



## The Reith Lectures

## British Rule in India\*

By LORD RADCLIFFE

THE British have formed the habit of praising their institutions, which are sometimes inept, and of ignoring the character of their race, which is often superb. In the end they will be in danger of losing their character and being left with their institutions: a result disastrous indeed. I am moved to say this when I consider the strange story of the British Empire in India: an administrative achievement which was unique of its kind, which had every argument against its success except the personal quality of those who took part in it and of which the names of the original founders are virtually forgotten. I will recall a few of those names; for one reason because the connoisseur of human character will find in them collector's pieces and, for another, because the whole adventure deserves its chapter in the anatomy of power. It represents an episode that has been finally closed: and it may well stand, I think, as a classic example of how men really respond to the stimulus of great authority.

## Men with Absolute Power

For these men exercised absolute power. It came into our hands suddenly and it came without qualification or restriction. In 1750 the British in India were a company of merchants clinging—not always successfully—to their main trading posts at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. By 1850, with the overthrow of the Sikh Kingdom in the Punjab, the Company and the British Government between them were the undisputed masters of India. They had had to fight for their position: against the French, against the provincial governors of the dying Mogul empire, against Hyder Ali and Tippoo in the south, against the Marhattas in central India, against the Gurkhas in Nepal, and, lastly, against the Sikhs in the north-west. There were wars of aggression, there were punitive wars, there were wars of self-defence; but, whatever their purpose, they were generally conducted against the fervent protests of the trading company, whose directors lacked the taste for military glory. So did some, but not all, of the Governor Generals supplied to them by British cabinets in London. For since Parliament had intervened in the Company's affairs by passing Pitt's India Act of 1784 the arrangement had been that the British Government, in effect, appointed the Governor General, nominated a Board of Control in London, and supplied a modicum of regular troops for service in India; while the Company's directors in Leadenhall Street were left in the actual control of their increasingly enormous territories which they had both to administer and defend. This meant a civil service and armies of their own, apart from trading activities to further what they called their 'investment'.

It is hardly a matter for surprise that the Company's first essays in administration were quite disastrous. It was the eighteenth century when even at home, under the unenthusiastic gaze of their own countrymen, members of the governing class treated bribery and corruption as normal incidents of political life. And the Company's own system asked for trouble. The directors expected their servants to be traders at one moment and government officials at the next and, incidentally, provided them with salaries so low as to amount to no salaries at all. This was the era of the Nabobs, servants of the Company who used their position and the power it gave them to extract huge fortunes for their personal use. Even today their transactions seem impressive. In Madras—which was never the gold-mine of Nabobs that Bengal proved—one official was said to have had £1,200,000 sterling in bribes from the Nawab of the Carnatic: another pocketed £200,000. Clive himself was a man whom it would have been difficult to reward too highly, so immense were his services: but even so, his actual takings were on the heroic scale. He said later that when he thought of what he could have had, he 'was amazed at his own moderation'. But that was not the aspect that struck his contemporaries in India. It was all the more annoying for them—feathering their humbler nests—that he should have returned to Calcutta a stern and entirely sincere critic of lax administration. 'Corruption, Licentiousness and Want of Principle seem to have possessed the minds of all the Civil Servants', he wrote, '... they have grown callous, rapacious, and luxurious beyond conception'.

Both Clive and Warren Hastings—himself far above personal bribery—were genuinely anxious to improve the civil system and to protect the native subject from oppression. They would have liked to realise the Company's earlier instructions to its supervisors in Bengal that they were to stand between the peasant and 'the hand of oppression' and to be 'his refuge and the redress of his wrongs'. But Clive and Hastings had compromised themselves too deeply in the tangled politics of eighteenth-century India to be very convincing as moral reformers. It needed the new century and a new hand to start the astonishing reformation that was due to take place. The new hand was to be that of a very honest and single-minded gentleman, the Lord Cornwallis.

Cornwallis came out to India as Governor General at the age of forty-eight. He was a man without personal ambition, whose eyes turned back with regret to his children and his honourable retirement in England. 'Let me know that you are well and are doing well', he wrote to them, 'and I can be happy even in Calcutta'. He had no personal leanings towards office work: 'my life at Calcutta is perfect clockwork', he told his small son, '... I do not think the greatest sap at Eton can lead a duller life'. But with his good heart and his strong sense of duty he was destined to be the real founder of the Indian Civil Service. He saw that the civil servant—if he was to have even a chance of avoiding temptation—must be reasonably well paid: so he got them proper salaries. In return he required that they must give up all connection with trade: though it was not until 1833 that the Company as a whole became a purely administrative service. He issued a set of regulations which formed, as it were, the outline of British civil government in India. No doubt they were a good deal too much on western lines, but thereafter, in those provinces where the regulations were applied, the civil servant had something rather more than his own unaided discretion to rule by. Lastly—and here comes the decisive break with the eighteenth century—Cornwallis would give no ear to social or political influence in appointments to his service. The Company had begun its career with the austere resolution 'not to employ any gentleman in any place of charge'. This may have shown too great an attachment to business ethics: but, whatever the intention, by the middle of the eighteenth century the English governing classes had discovered the great possibilities of an Indian appointment in disposing of an embarrassed—or an embarrassing—relative. The prospects were more lucrative than anything that could be wrung out of the English or Irish establishments. Besides, the relative was further away. In one year the list of civil servants in Bengal alone included the names of one peer, nineteen sons of peers, and twelve baronets. Cornwallis saw to it that social jobbery of this kind ended under his rule.

## 'Spotless Glory of Elphinstone and Munro'

Thus the way was clear for the remarkable group of men who were now to govern India. There is a passage of Macaulay in which after speaking of the 'doubtful splendour' of Hastings and Clive, he praises the 'spotless glory of Elphinstone and Munro'. I will quote his passage, for it tells the whole story. 'They are men', he says, 'who after ruling millions of subjects, after commanding victorious armies, after dictating terms of peace at the gates of hostile capitals, after administering the revenues of great provinces, after judging the causes of wealthy Zemindars, after residing at the Courts of tributary Kings, return to their native land with no more than a decent competence'. From now on those were the terms which the Indian service had to offer: separation—perhaps for good—from home and family; isolation amongst an alien people; heat, discomfort, sickness, and often enough an early death by violence or disease. And in return—the chance of unlimited advancement, adventure, power, responsibility—and a decent competence. These terms were not to alter materially until the nineteenth century was far advanced.

And who were the Elphinstone and Munro of Macaulay's speech? Each ended his career as the governor of a great Indian province. One was the fourth son of a Scottish peer, the other (Munro) the son of a Glasgow merchant. Too poor to pay for his passage he had worked his

\* The fifth of seven lectures on 'Power and the State'



way out to Madras as an ordinary seaman. John Malcolm and Charles Metcalfe were two other leaders of this first generation. Malcolm was the son of a farmer in Dumfries; Metcalfe's father had made a fortune in Bengal in the old days and returned to England, to a baronetcy and a seat in Parliament. Their origins illustrate what was to be an outstanding feature of the service: it was genuinely egalitarian and it was recruited in the main from the middle class, who found the social structure at home too unyielding to offer their children any comparable opportunity. These boys came out to India as little more than children—fifteen or sixteen was the ruling age. As likely as not, their families would not see them again and parting was often final. Home leave would come only after years of service or in the case of very serious ill health. There is an entry in the diary of Henry Lawrence's mother which records his return on sick leave after the first Burma War 'returned from Arakan after the Burmese War my dearest beloved Henry Montgomery, not twenty-one years old but reduced by sickness and suffering to more than double that age'. It is an entry of a type that the British race has grown all too familiar with.

The whole system seems casual enough. Its success is eloquent of the fine material that could be picked, as it were, out of the bag. There were no qualifying examinations at this period, and a cadet entered the civil service or the Company's army on the nomination of one of the directors. That meant an uncle or a family friend or a friend of a family friend. True, the aspirant had an interview with the directors at India House, but at the age of twelve it is not easy to convey convincingly your qualifications as a future Indian Governor or Sepoy General. Not all twelve-year-olds could do themselves such justice as John Malcolm, who answered a Director's question: 'My little man, what would you do if you went to meet Hyder Ali?' 'Do? Why Sir, I would cut with my sword and cut off his head'.

Once accepted, a cadet in the Artillery or Engineers had a two-year course of training at Addiscombe, a civilian cadet at the Company's new College at Haileybury; but a cadet in the infantry or cavalry betook himself to India without further preparation. A year later he would find himself in command of men doing anything or nothing. For in those early years two things are noticeable. The distinction between soldier and civilian was blurred, soldiers became diplomats and administrators, civilians transformed themselves into soldiers. Indeed Elphinstone—whose training for warfare was probably confined to the study of his favourite author Thucydides—actually conducted the successful battle of Khirkee, though discreetly attributing the credit to the aged military commander. Secondly, it was the age of young men. It seems almost ridiculous to read of Metcalfe—a junior in the Political Service though, admittedly, an old Etonian—sent at the age of nineteen to negotiate the withdrawal of the armies of Holkar, the formidable Mahratta chief. They got on splendidly. He was only twenty-three when he led a mission to Lahore to treat with Ranjit Singh, the 'Lion of the Punjab'. He had to wait, but he got his treaty of friendship, an act of great importance for the consolidation of British power in India. After that Elphinstone, at thirty, seems almost a veteran when he goes as our envoy to treat with Shah Sujah at Kabul. Still, the close of his address to the Afghan King is probably a fair sample of the spirit in which these young men advanced upon their extraordinary tasks: 'I concluded by saying that we had often been at war with all the world and had never suffered in the contest'.

Perhaps one ought not to generalise from a few outstanding men. But the whole lot of them were only a handful. Certain qualities seem

to have been common. They had fine nerve and they had fine courage: cold courage that kept men doing brave things, year in, year out, without the expectation of what they did being praised or even recorded. They had, pre-eminently, a sense of duty. They were given absolute power, in effect with no one to control them, often enough judges in their own cause; and they were strong enough not to abuse it. I do not mean merely that they did not—as their immediate predecessors had done—use their power to obtain benefit for themselves. More than that, they really meant to use their power for the benefit of the people

whose government had fallen into their hands. Two of the best of them, Outram and Metcalfe, each risked his whole career in fighting what he thought was injustice in the Government's treatment of native rulers. Above all, perhaps, these men kept their heads cool and their hearts open among all the splendours that surrounded them. What made that the more remarkable was that they had no inherited tradition of authority to support them. 'The account of your employment is like fairy tales to us', wrote John Malcolm's father from Dumfries. The 'employment' had been as Ambassador to Persia, but his father did not refrain from a piece of parental advice: 'A good head will gain you the esteem and applause of the world, but a good heart alone gives happiness to the owner of it'.

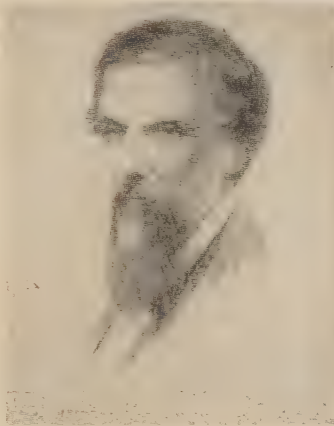
India in those days roused in our men the sense of wonder that a strange country rouses in an explorer. They were inquisitive, fascinated, if sometimes repelled. The chaos and misery that they found provoked their sense of order, their latent capacity for government: but the spectacle did not make them contemptuous or hostile. Instead, they became painstaking historians, they composed Persian grammars, they wrote great double-decker volumes of travel. The most active seem to have found time to write most: Malcolm, with his *Central India* and *History of Persia*, Elphinstone with his massive *History of India*, Outram, *The Conquest of Scindo*. Tod's *History of the Rajputs* remains a classic. Herbert Edwardes' *A Year on the Punjab Frontier* is remarkable on several counts—the personality of the author, the people he had to deal with, and his extraordinary gift of writing. The travel books of Alexander Burnes and Arthur Connolly had a great vogue in their day. Both were officers of the Company's Military Service. They explored young and died early, Burnes at thirty-six cut to pieces by a mob of Afghans, Connolly at thirty-five put to death with his friend Stoddart at Bokhara, after long imprisonment, 'resolved', as he wrote in his Bible, 'please God, to wear our English honesty and dignity to the last'.

Increasingly, as the second generation came along, the generation of the Lawrences and Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes and Alexander Taylor, the men who settled the Punjab, there was a fiery devotion to duty, which wore them out before their time. Taylor, an engineer subaltern of twenty-four and a road builder of genius, wrote long afterwards: 'There was a glow of work and duty around us in the Punjab such as I have never felt before or since. I well remember the reaction of feeling when I went on furlough to England: the want of pressure of any kind, the self-seeking, the dulling and dwarfing lack of high aims'. There were others who felt as he did. 'We have agreed not to recommend any leave except when men are sick', wrote John Lawrence to the Viceroy, 'There is still so much to do. Every day is of value, and the best officer cannot work too hard or too long for the public interest'.

And yet between these two generations there is perceptible a difference in their approach to the nature of our rule. The difference was to be of importance for the future. None of them doubted that British rule could bring great benefits—peace, order, security, protection—to



First Marquess Cornwallis (1738-1805):  
portrait by Gainsborough  
National Portrait Gallery



Sir Henry Lawrence (1806-1857)  
From 'Honoria Lawrence',  
by Maud Diver (John Murray)



the individual Indian or that it was our duty to stay in India until the natives could provide those benefits for themselves. Looking back, one can see that it was easier to get in than to get out on those terms. That attitude was natural enough in those who had seen the anarchy of the decaying Mogul Empire. But the older school were much more sensitive than their successors to the value of supporting the long-established features of Indian society. They saw that a power—however benevolent—that could not work through the existing forms of that society must prove in the end a destructive force. The old authorities would be put aside, robbed of power and of prestige, and the elements of society would be so levelled out that there would be nothing between Government on the one hand and individual unit, peasant or trader, on the other. That is the classic path to despotism. Where they got this profound truth from I do not know. They had no administrative history to guide them, and their schooling had been casual. Possibly they had the eighteenth century's instinctive aristocratic feeling.

### Munro's 'Reign of Affection'

But if anyone wants to read an essay on the art of humane and sensitive administration, I would recommend a study of the letters exchanged between Sir Thomas Munro in Madras and the Company in London during the early years of the nineteenth century. Incidentally, it is excellent writing: appropriately enough on the side of the Company, who were before long to count Thomas Love Peacock and John Stuart Mill at the head of their secretariat. But few of the early Indian administrators seem capable of writing badly. Munro's message is always to the same effect: 'Your rule is alien and it can never be popular. You have much to bring to your subjects, but you cannot look for more than passive gratitude. You are not here to turn India into England or Scotland. Work through, not in spite of, native systems and native ways with a prejudice in their favour rather than against them; and when in the fulness of time your subjects can frame and maintain a worthy Government for themselves, get out and take the glory of the achievement and the sense of having done your duty as the chief reward for your exertions'. No wonder that his system was spoken of as 'a reign of affection instead of law'. No wonder that 100 years after he died of cholera in camp in India, his word was still law and a revenue officer noted that you had only to say that some rule had been laid down by Munro to end all argument upon it.

The younger school lost something of Munro's sensitive patience. They were terrific men—remorseless in energy and in their devotion to duty—but they were almost dangerously sure that they were right and that their principles were so superior that nothing ought to stand in the way of their being immediately enforced. They saw themselves—not unjustly—as the protectors of the oppressed cultivator and small man but in their enthusiasm every one who stood between them and their charge—the chieftain, big or small, the landlord, the middle man—was not only thrust aside but was likely to be regarded as morally deplorable as well. 'Eschew middlemen', said John Lawrence to Nicholson, 'they are the curse of the country everywhere'. But an ancient and complex society cannot be simplified to this extent without losing in the process something that is part of its life itself. Nor is there any time-sheet upon which can be entered the value of human personality. 'A naked people under a naked crown', is the description of a despotism—however benevolent and high minded the despot himself. And it was in this sense that the British rule in India came to be called despotic.

In a way the great achievement of British rule in this period—the settlement of the land revenue—was calculated to encourage just this tendency to direct personal rule. The central problem of Indian administration was the settlement of the land. So it must be in a country where agriculture was the great source of wealth and of Government revenue. But the land system had broken down in much of India during generations of disorder. To settle these vast and unmapped territories meant to survey them, to record them, to decide the million questions of disputed title that arose in connection with them, and to assess the holdings for purposes of revenue. There was hardly one of our leading officers in India, from Munro and Elphinstone onwards, who was not employed in this exacting labour. It meant a personal attention to detail on the part of Government that was unknown before, unless perhaps in the greatest days of the Mogul Empire. British Governments had come to favour, rightly or wrongly, a direct assessment by the revenue officer of every holding or, at least, of every village, instead of the earlier practice of assessing the landlord and leaving him to deal with the cultivators on his own responsibility. Indian

critics have said that our system left the cultivator too directly in the hands of Government. But at least it taught the British officer to know India and the Indian peasant as he could never have known them otherwise. It was said of Thomason, Governor of the North West Province and one of the greatest settlement officers, that 'there was hardly a place or a road in an area of 70,000 square miles, scarcely a clan or a tribe in a population of 30,000,000 with which he was not acquainted'.

Against much of this, for all its excellence, stands the figure of Henry Lawrence. Indeed, his quarrel with his brother John over the policy of administration in the new province of the Punjab dramatises the conflict between the old school and the new. Henry lost when Dalhousie—the Viceroy—supported John and sent Henry into retirement as agent in Rajputana. But he took with him the passionate admiration of such iron men as his own subordinates, John Nicholson and Herbert Edwardes, and—more than that—the grief and the devotion of his Indian subjects. 'It was a long living funeral procession from Lahore nearly to Amritsar', someone who saw it said of his departure. In truth it was a conflict of attitude as much as of policy. Henry, imaginative and perceptive, could not envisage power under John's simple categories. He thought that it was our duty to restore and govern through the Sikh chieftains as a native aristocracy, and that there was no future in India for a government that reserved all high authority and emolument for itself and reduced all below it to a common level. A man of profound compassion and—like so many of his contemporaries—a fervent Christian, he drew away from their vigorous certainties. To him power without imagination was itself an evil. 'It is the due admixture of romance and reality that best carries a man through life', he once said.

Henry Lawrence's picture is worth looking at, for he was among the noblest of all the rich material that went from this country to the service of India. You see the fine forehead and the great, brooding eyes, the drawn and patient face. He was only fifty-one when he died at Lucknow, but he looks an ageing man. 'Grief has made him grey and worn', wrote Edwardes to Nicholson after his death, 'but it became him like the scars of a battle'.

His defeat was the defeat of the best that we could bring to India. In his humanity and his compassion he was more like the greatest of eastern rulers than the greatest of western proconsuls. It has been said of him that he left three memorials, more enduring than the favour of a viceroy. There was his grave at Lucknow, which carries out his last instructions: 'Put on my tomb only this—"Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on him"'. There were the gardens of the Residency which he defended and in which he died. And there were the hill-station schools for the children of British soldiers in India, which he somehow managed to found and support in the intervals of his brave, laborious life.

### A Secret Hard to Discover

Here I must leave what I had begun to say about those of our countrymen who founded and built up the British administration of India. Much was to come after—the Mutiny, the long years that followed which seemed to look neither back to the past nor forward to a future, and then the efforts to end honourably what these men had honourably begun. I do not touch on this which is outside my picture. Even with the men I have spoken of I have failed to give any proper taste of their quality or of what they did. It is too diffuse a subject. Nor do these incurious islands care greatly for what is done in their name beyond their sight. These doings will be remembered in a few families, the families which, as Kipling said, served India generation after generation as 'dolphins follow in line across the open sea'. Plowdens, Trevors, Beadons, Rivett-Carnacs; and I could add a dozen more. But the wind has blown, the hot wind of the Indian plains, and the dust is already drifted over the memory of their achievement. But it may be some service to think of them at those times when one falls to wondering whether those who are given power must always use it for selfish ends or forget its purpose in the pride of its possession. When one asks whether there must always be a 'governing class' to whom power is to be entrusted, it may help to recall the origins and training of these men. What was their secret? Pride of race? Sense of duty? Sound schooling? All these things were present. And yet the quality that strikes one most is a certain unaffected readiness to be themselves. Goethe noted it in our countrymen. 'It lies', he said, 'in the courage they have to be that which nature made them'.

—Home Service



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Yugoslavia

Sir,—I observe that my friend Hubert Butler has launched an attack on Miss Honor Tracy for being both complacent and smug about his beloved Yugoslavia.

May I, before it is too late, fly to his defence? He has, unguardedly, let fall in passing a remark which may be misinterpreted to his disadvantage. 'Of course', he says, 'there is intense suffering and cruelty and discontent in Yugoslavia'. This casual admission has not fallen lightly from his pen. Rightly interpreted it glows with faith, and hope, and love for the great ideal of resurgent Yugoslavia (if not for the unfortunate Yugoslavians). It comes, it can only come, from the heart of a sincere idealist for whom all life's little sorrows are but flaws in Heaven's design. It means, it can only mean, that were Mr. Butler tracked down by Irish policemen for his political opinions, thrown into Kilkenny jail to rot, his wife driven from her home, his house burned, his friends liquidated, and were, then, some warm-hearted foreign observer to announce to the world that Ireland was misbehaving itself, Mr. Butler would at once admit that 'of course' there is intense suffering, cruelty, and discontent in Eireoland but declare, with passion, that anybody who says so is smug. And, then, gripping the bars of his window he would gaze over his stricken country with a beaming countenance, secure in the knowledge that the immediate foreground of every revolution is of no least human significance compared to the radiance of that distant Pandemonium where all such trivial miseries as 'intense suffering and cruelty and discontent' will be forgotten or forgiven.

He is quite right. It was smug of Miss Tracy to have talked about human beings instead of ideas and ideals, complacent to have described without enthusiasm a regime which has been a tyranny and may, again, on the turn of the wrist, resume its old ways when or if convenient.

By the way, does any reader know who first said (more or less) that of all the callous types in this world none is so cold-blooded as the starry-eyed idealist?—Yours, etc.,

Killiney

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

## The Reith Lectures

Sir,—While realising that Lord Radcliffe's close-knit exposition of the American Constitution [THE LISTENER, November 29] did not allow him time to qualify opinions not immediately relevant to his theme, I yet feel that he did less than justice to Thomas Jefferson; in fact the very name of this great democrat appeared to constitute a red rag to a decidedly Hamiltonian bull.

Lord Radcliffe states that Jefferson 'was not the stuff of which Constitutions are made'. It would, perhaps, have been more exact to say that he was not the stuff of which the American Constitution was made, for many of the wealthy planters, lawyers, and shipowners who met at Philadelphia with the apparent intention of making the nation safe from democracy would scarcely have welcomed the truly egalitarian ideals of the then Minister to France. These ideals were, however, already those of the great majority of his fellow-countrymen and were destined to supplant the somewhat autocratic conceptions of the original signatories to the convention as the guiding forces of the young Republic.

Jefferson's 'easy maxims' are, according to Lord Radcliffe, 'that all men are naturally good if only governments do not interfere by governing, and that each man is as good as the next'. The first of these is, I suggest, an easy maxim of dismissal for those not in sympathy with the Jeffersonian philosophy of democracy, and in defence I can do no better than quote Jefferson himself, who believed 'that man was a rational animal . . . and that he could be restrained from wrong and protected in right by moderate powers, confided in persons of his own choice, and held to their duties by dependence on his own will'. And the second? Perhaps in this case it would be better to quote Lord Radcliffe himself, who considers the idea that each man is as good as the next to be very well in its place—'which is in the backwoods'!

Jefferson was, moreover, the principal critic of the omission of a Bill of Rights from the original Constitution, the principle of which Lord Radcliffe rightly regards as 'the most effective barrier against encroachments of power that has been thrown up by the political science of the modern world'. He wrote from France deploring the lack of laws providing for 'freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the *habeas corpus* laws and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land'. Was it, then, merciful that he was away in Paris?

Finally, Jefferson's objections to Marshall's principle of the power of the Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution was not based on 'vague sentiments and noble generalities', but on the valid grounds that it gave to one alone of the three departments intended to check and balance one another 'the right to prescribe rules for the government of others, and to that one, too, which is unelected by and independent of the nation'. It is still an open question whether the decision of Chief Justice Marshall on the case of *Marbury v. Madison* was, in the light of history, a correct one or no.

Yours, etc.,

M. J. T. NORMAN

Reading

## The Science of Man

Sir,—In quoting Dr. Huxley's statement, that 'the human sciences . . . are still looking for a central core of general principles', you rightly emphasised the great predicament of modern thought, which tends towards specialisation in narrow fields, each building up a merely empirical knowledge of man.

In postulating the idea of 'a single science of man', Dr. Huxley evidently presupposes that such a science can exist; and if it is envisaged in thought, then that science would be a meta-physical one. Today we see many branches of science pursuing in their own way the ultimate of man—not merely the 'how?' but even the 'why?'—and we have seen in Dr. Huxley's own lectures a biologist, who might be supposed to be a materialist, confronted with the inexplicable phenomenon of human consciousness.

Is it not becoming increasingly evident that these developments in thought are not so much pushed on by human enquiry, as attracted by the magnet of man's spiritual ultimate? Any 'science of man' arrived at by deductive reasoning from material premises is going to be materialistic, and therefore unreliable; and

moreover is bound to leave untouched the spiritual side of man's nature, which is at least as real as the other. On the other hand, if it could be accepted that the 'science of man' must be a metaphysical concept, then it would be based on spiritual values; and inductive reasoning from this basis does give an integrating principle—a principle which the human sciences will one day be forced to acknowledge.

Yours, etc.,

J. L. MORGAN

Nottingham

## How to Cross the Road

Sir,—You report Dudley Perkins as stating:

At the controlled crossing, the pedestrian has no precedence over vehicles. There, he should, like the vehicles themselves, obey the lights, or the signals.

It is true that the Pedestrian Crossing Regulations which came into operation at the end of October unfortunately revoked the regulations which gave precedence to the pedestrian who had started to cross when the line of traffic was held up. But the duty imposed by Section 49 of the Road Traffic Act 1930 to obey traffic signs, which include light signals, is confined to 'any person driving or propelling any vehicle'.

There is a section in the Highway Code which tells the pedestrian who crosses at traffic signals to 'watch the traffic as well as the signals'. This was inserted largely as a warning to pedestrians not to rely on the lights, because the Ministry of Transport recognised that the pedestrian who blindly obeyed the signals would not survive very long.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4

T. C. FOLEY,

Secretary, The Pedestrians' Association

## Shrubs for the Garden

Sir,—I was interested to read L. G. M. Glover's letter in THE LISTENER (November 22) and his warning to listeners regarding the advice I had given for planting *Cotoneaster horizontalis* and the Japanese Maple, *Acer palmatum dissectum*, on the rockery. *Cotoneaster horizontalis* is a shrub with horizontal growth, as the name implies, and unless trained against a wall rarely attains a height of more than two feet. It is an ideal rock-garden shrub and very pleasing if planted so that the horizontal branches spread over a rock, or quite effective by a rock pool. The Japanese Maple mentioned is a very slow-growing shrub of beautiful shape, with finely cut leaves, and if planted so that the branches can cascade down a slope or over the stones on a rockery, it makes a very pleasing specimen.

Your correspondent states that a reference book gives a spread of eight feet for the former and eight to twenty-five feet for the latter. This can be very misleading, as, of course, there are many beautiful shrubs which we could not enjoy in our gardens if no attempt is made to keep them within bounds. I am very delighted with these two shrubs on my rockery, both of which are ten to twelve years old, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to your readers.

Yours, etc.,

Shrewsbury

PERCY J. THROWER

The prospectus of the winter series of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, which will run from Monday, January 7, to Saturday, January 19, at the Royal Albert Hall, will be available from Saturday, December 8. Tickets may be obtained from that date from the Royal Albert Hall and usual agents.



# NEWS DIARY

November 28–December 4

## Wednesday, November 28

North Atlantic Council concludes meeting in Rome after discussing problems of European defence

The Government proposes to recommend to the King that a new Charter shall be granted to the B.B.C. for six months

Sir Percy Mills, formerly on the staff of the Ministry of Production, to advise on house-building

## Thursday, November 29

Minister of Agriculture announces an increase in prices for farm produce

Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, arrives in Singapore to begin tour of Malaya

General Ridgway denies reports of a cease-fire order in Korea

Bangkok radio reports *coup d'état* in Siam

## Friday, November 30

U.N. Political Committee votes in favour of four-power talks on disarmament

Deadlock reached in Korean truce talks. Eighth Army ordered to continue fighting

Minister of Labour makes statement in Commons about lightermen's dispute over pay

## Saturday, December 1

At private meeting representatives of four powers agree on procedure for discussing disarmament proposals

France to receive further economic aid from the United States to avoid a reduction of dollar imports

Consultative Assembly of Council of Europe votes in favour of plan to set up authority for European agriculture

## Sunday, December 2

Chief of Staff of Syrian Army, who is proclaimed Head of State, orders dissolution of army

British Chargé d'Affaires in Teheran protests against desecration of Christian cemetery at Khorramshahr

## Monday, December 3

German Federal Chancellor arrives on official visit to London

More incidents take place in Suez Canal zone

Mr. Eden reports to Commons on meeting of Atlantic Council

## Tuesday, December 4

House of Commons debates housing

Another Truce sub-committee appointed in Korea to study proposals for observing armistice

U.N. Additional Political Committee discusses German problem



Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the German Federal Chancellor, inspecting an R.A.F. guard of honour after his arrival at Northolt Airport on December 3 for a five-day visit to this country. It is the first official visit by a German Chancellor since Dr. Bruening came to London in 1931. Dr. Adenauer is to be received by the King tomorrow



A plan drawn up by Dr. Charles Holden for the return of Temple Bar to a site north of St. Paul's was recommended by the Dean of St. Paul's last week as a memorial of the Battle of Britain. This photograph of the cathedral is taken from Newgate Street with a picture of Temple Bar superimposed on it in line with the north transept. A memorial way would lead through Temple Bar direct to the cathedral

Right: Lord Salisbury, Lord Privy Seal, was installed as Chancellor of Liverpool University on November 28 in succession to the late Mr. Oliver Stanley. The photograph shows the new Chancellor (right) acknowledging his installation after the ceremony



A photograph taken before the start of the conference in Paris on Saturday. Left to right, Mr. M. Nervo (President, United Nations)



The restored Great Hall of Gray's Inn, opened yesterday by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, was destroyed in an air raid in 1941, and the hall was left standing. The armorial glass was stored for safety during the war and has been replaced







...power discussions on disarmament in  
Lloyd (Great Britain), M. Moch (France),  
Mr. Vyshinsky (Russia) and Dr. Jessup  
...es



M. Nervo, President of the United Nations Assembly,  
greeting two members of the delegation of fifty men serving  
on the Korean front, when they visited the Palais de Chaillot  
on December 2. Speeches of welcome were made by the  
President, Mrs. Roosevelt, M. Schuman, and Mr. Selwyn  
Lloyd; the visitors later laid a wreath on the tomb of the  
Unknown Soldier



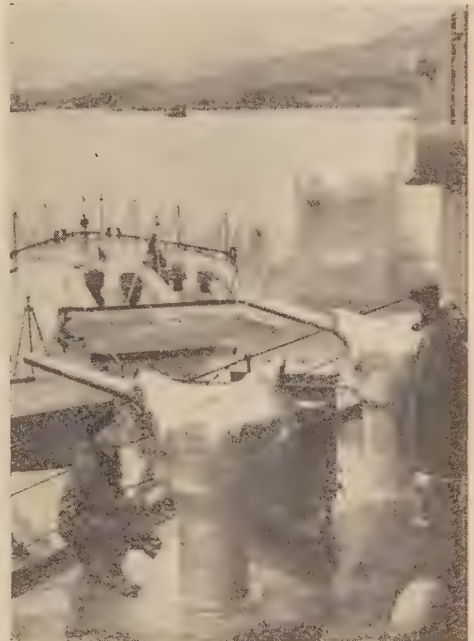
Mr. Winston Churchill celebrated his seventy-seventh  
birthday on November 30. This photograph of him with  
Mrs. Churchill was taken at 10 Downing Street to mark  
the occasion



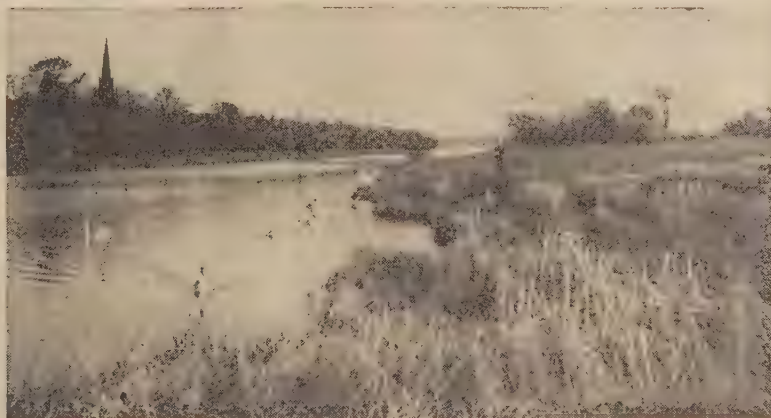
...which was  
...The hall  
...outer walls  
...windows was  
...placed



Excavations at Pompeii (suspended in 1941) have been resumed.  
The photograph shows a view along the Strada dell'Abbondanza,  
the main highway, towards the new excavation area. About  
two-fifths of Pompeii has still to be uncovered



One of a series of photographs released for publication  
today showing the methods used to preserve the working  
efficiency of guns, scientific instruments, and machinery  
on ships of the Royal Navy's Reserve Fleet laid up in  
Gare Loch, Scotland, so that any ship taken out of  
reserve could be put into immediate commission: guns  
and gun-turrets on H.M.S. 'George V' 'cocooned' in  
plastic to preserve them from the effects of the weather.  
Other ships in the Reserve Fleet are H.M.S. 'Anson'  
and H.M.S. 'Duke of York'



An additional 430 acres of the National Trust property of Clumber Park, near Worksop,  
Nottinghamshire, is to be opened to the public about Whitsuntide next year. The photograph  
shows a view across the lake on the 3,900-acre estate



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## Christmas Books

# A Strange Victorian Writer

Wilkie Collins. By Kenneth Robinson. Bodley Head. 18s.

Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others. By S. M. Ellis. Constable. 15s.

Reviewed by HUMPHRY HOUSE

IT is rather extraordinary that there has never been, until now, a full-length biography of Wilkie Collins. Of course it was inevitable that he should have avoided 'those two fat volumes, with which it is our custom to commemorate the dead', which Lytton Strachey was tempted to suppose were composed by the undertaker 'as the final item of his job'. For Collins' only descendants, whom he politely called 'morganatic', passed into oblivion (so it now seems) under the name of Dawson; and even they were not the children of his most regular and accredited mistress. The only vocal source of family information was his sister-in-law, Kate Dickens, who later became Mrs. Perugini; and the testimony of her old age was presented to the world by Miss Storey in a style too much like embroidery. Collins was an outstanding candidate for treatment in a major work in the post-Strachey manner of the 'twenties; but we were spared the tedium and the labour of correction and redress. Till now the main authority has been Mr. S. M. Ellis, whose two admirable and learned essays, one on Wilkie and one on his brother Charles, first published in 1931, have now most deservedly been reprinted. And at long last has appeared a whole book on Wilkie's life, by Mr. Kenneth Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is not a writer or researcher by trade; he first became interested in Collins when he had jaundice in India during the war; and finding there was a major gap in the literature, he quietly decided to fill it. Most professionals would have managed to fill it worse. The book is judicious, well-planned and full of far-sought, well-sifted information; and though its style is always rather pedestrian and sometimes lame, it has avoided all the kinds of vice and vulgarity into which an ambitious handler of this curious life might so easily have been tempted.

For Collins' life was curious, and contains some passages as intricate as his own plots. He was the son of one painter, brother to another, godson and namesake of a third; and he himself advanced far enough in the art to exhibit a picture in the Royal Academy. He tried a tea business; he was called to the Bar; and it was the chance of writing a biography of his own father which seems to have turned him towards literature as a livelihood. It is a very good biography, one of the many which narrow the sphere of Strachey's sneers: and it shows already the power of description, both sensitive and close, which is marked in his novels. He was a great stickler for fact, and when he ventured into art criticism his standards of judgment appeared to derive partly from the Pre-Raphaelites (with whom his brother worked closely in his early days) and partly from a ghastly insistence upon common-man-like common sense (see 'To Think, or Be Thought For?'). W. P. Frith was among his friends.

This fidelity to fact remained with him as a writer, and he was impatient with novelists who were careless of it. He first met Dickens, twelve years his senior and already famous, in 1851; from then till Dickens' death in 1870 his social life and his work centred very largely on the Dickens group; and it has long been recognised that Forster (perhaps out of jealousy) altogether underestimated the closeness and importance of the friendship. Much of Collins' work, short stories,

articles and serialised novels, appeared in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. The phrase 'Dickens' young men' has been worn almost threadbare; in no important way did Collins sink his individuality in a common idiom or a common set of purposes.

All his best and most characteristic work was done in these years, and the two often, of course, collaborated, travelled about together, and pooled experience. It still remains true that Dickens' later books (notably *Great Expectations* and *Edwin Drood*) owe a good deal to Collins'

methods of construction; but it would be hard to say that *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* owe anything to Dickens beyond the confidence given by encouragement. Collins had visited morgues and studied crimes and cheap sensational fiction on his own: he made such things cleverer, clearer, more 'atmospheric', more respectable and more expensive. His greatest skill lay in the prolongation of suspense through the management of detail. He remained himself; none of these things belonged peculiarly to Dickens or the group.

It seems to have been inquisitiveness about facts which led him both into the most serious emotional relationship of his life and into the beginning of his most famous story. Mr. Robinson wisely suspends his judgment about the exact connection between the supposed first meeting with Caroline Graves in the middle of the night in Hampstead and the opening of *The Woman in White*. He gives in full the account which the younger Millais included in the life of his father; he pieces together, from registers and directories and from the few chance mentions in letters, the later external course of the relationship. But much still remains exceedingly mysterious. How did Collins come to approve the second marriage of the mistress with whom he had lived for years in a regular set-up household? What happened to the second husband? How did Collins come to have her back? How did he then arrange the household (which he often visited) of Martha Dawson and her three



Wilkie Collins (c. 1865)  
From 'Wilkie Collins'

hold (which he often visited) of Martha Dawson and her three 'morganatic' children?

These are not merely questions for the muck-raker, for underlying them is a major mystery about Collins' emotional life, the springs of his writing, and the origin of his attitudes to society. He seems to have been affectionate, tender and, in his own way, very faithful to both mistresses and mother. Yet he not only refused marriage but went out of his way in his journalism to play the bachelor and be facetious about bachelors. On many things (e.g., the treatment of servants) he took minority views, but he does not seem to have had a typical 'minority' or 'viewy' mind; indeed his sense of humour was outrageous in its ordinariness. It almost looks as if he was, for obscure reasons, managing his life as he would manage a story, making situations, and holding them artfully together. And here, too, his ground was in commonplace fact. He had a full and active social life till illness restricted him. His relations with Dickens and his friends, for instance, were altogether normal and free. Mr. Robinson is wisely sceptical about the often-repeated hints that Dickens and he were cronies in debauchery. And wisely too, perhaps, he does not attempt any elaborate analysis or explanation of the strange life which his material makes so clear and so interesting.





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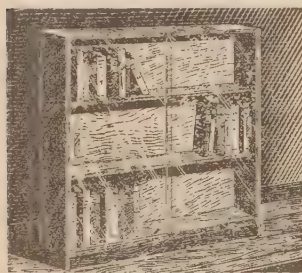
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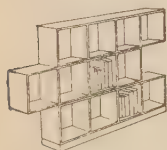
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The history, moreover, is true to reputation in repeating itself in many intriguing ways. Each of the wars threw up a business man not previously concerned with food who as Minister of Food became a popular idol. Each of the two Ministers became an idol almost by accident, by accepting a policy thrust on him by others or by events. Lord Rhondda abolished the meat and fat queues by allowing those of his officials who believed in local rationing, with each customer tied to a retailer, to have their shot under sentence of death, even while the official policy of the Ministry was to do something quite different and inconsistent with this. Lord Woolton, as Mr. Hammond entertainingly shows in his Chapter XV, accepted points rationing against the advice of nearly all his officials, under pressure of Treasury economists interested not in food but in preventing inflation and stabilising prices and wages; the economists were reinforced at a critical moment by Sir John Anderson as Lord President. Whether or not points rationing did anything for inflation, it proved to be the housewife's cup of tea. From the popularity thus gained Lord Woolton proceeded with applause to his later avuncular functions.

The history of food policy again is largely a story of departmental and inter-departmental controversy, pursued with all the enthusiasm of experts. There was conflict between the Ministry of Food and agricultural departments as to whether prices should be used to guide farmers to produce what is most wanted, or to pat them on the back whatever they produced; after a year of this, as Mr. Hammond says, Lord Woolton felt the need for a *détente*. There was conflict between scientists prescribing from outside the Ministry a 'basal diet' for all the population, and officials seeking something that they felt able to administer; here in due course a happy working relation was established. There was conflict within the Ministry of Food between each commodity department seeking to establish its own local organisation throughout the country, and the General Department setting up a regional and local organisation for the Ministry as a whole. These and other controversies were common to both wars. The account of them, bulks perhaps larger in Mr. Hammond's book for the second war than in what I wrote about food control in the first war. As an impartial historian from documents Mr. Hammond feels a duty to record what he finds whether it was in the event important or the reverse. Yet he himself has an excellent sense of proportion. Of the eager controversies of experts on agricultural prices he observes that 'if at times these seem remote from the harsh realities of Dunkirk, the great air raids, and the Battle of the Atlantic, that itself is no insignificant contribution to the history of the war'.

In respect of one of these departmental arguments Mr. Hammond's story, for want of data, is incomplete. He prints in full in an Appendix the 'Note on Wider Aspects of Food Control' which in October 1936 I appended to the report on rationing machinery made at the Government's request by a committee under my chairmanship. This Note was designed to secure if possible that the civilian side of the next war was thought out 'in advance and as a whole'. It led to my being invited by the then Minister for Co-ordination of Defence (Sir Thomas Inskip) to return full time to Government service and I agreed to do so on terms of which he expressed cordial approval. As to why, instead of doing so, I disappeared at once and completely from the history of food control, Mr. Hammond can offer surmises only; the particular records to which he had access seem to be reticent about it. The full, strange story of this affair I hope to tell before long from other records made at the time. The affair, as Mr. Hammond points out, meant that one of my main proposals, for a 'feeding policy' from

the outset, was abandoned. But it had one excellent, positive result. Having asked me to prepare comprehensive food plans and then decided to do without me, the Government was bound to find an alternative; the Food (Defence Plans) Department was set up under Sir Henry French, did admirable work and, in Mr. Hammond's words, ensured that when Lord Woolton took charge in April 1940 he found 'a Department already formed as to most of its essentials, already set upon the paths it was to tread, and embodying a tradition that went back not a few months, but twenty-odd years'.

Mr. Hammond's history of policy, though setting out faithfully, as it must, the departmental controversies, is not confined to them. Formation of policy depends on Ministers as well as on officials, and Ministers may change. One of the unexpected disturbing consequences of the call of Mr. Churchill to the Admiralty, in September 1939, was that the doubters about rationing were reinforced by a determined opponent. And difficulty in getting Cabinet decisions for adequate food storage before the war nearly led the country into mortal danger. 'One cannot escape the conclusion', observes Mr. Hammond, 'that had there been air or submarine attack on anything approaching the expected scale—or even on the scale of 1940-41—the country might have looked defeat in the face in the first months of all'.

But though Mr. Hammond makes this and other interesting comments on large issues, his main concern is less with them than with the technique of food policy. In this field he has written an admirable study, well worth the care and attention for which its reading calls.

BEVERIDGE

## Humour, Mostly American

THE SHOW-PIECE of the season's crop of funny and would-be funny books is *The New Yorker Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Album*, printed in the United States, and published here by Hamish Hamilton at 30s. It contains a thousand selected drawings and cartoons, arranged album-wise, generally several to a page, and is claimed to be 'not only the finest collection of humorous drawings ever assembled in a single volume, but a most entertaining contribution to social history'. A pocket balance declares its weight to be over four pounds, so it is more suitable for the sofa than the bed, better horizontal on the lap than vertical on the diaphragm. There is no index or list of contents and the pages are not numbered, so a drawing once seen is not always easily rediscovered; and it must be admitted that some of the drawings ring no bell in an English mind, because they are concerned with local, inscrutable, or forgotten topicalities or jokes.

Once these considerations have been allowed for, the English eye can settle down to enjoy the book's variety. 'Social history' can be plainly perceived in allusions to the Charleston, short skirts, prohibition, the great slump, the respectable dowager furtively asking a French bookseller '*Avez-vous "Ulysses"?*', and the second world war. But there is throughout a more general reflection of the recent social history of a rich and powerful country, through the distorting lenses of a Peter Arno, a Thurber, a Charles Addams, and a swarm of others. While the geniality of a Syd Hoff or a William Steig, moving on the level of 'ordinary folks', corresponds to that of our Giles and David Langdon, the *Album* attains at times a bitterness of satire at present unknown in this country: for example, a drawing of a woman holding up her little girl to look over the heads of a crowd and explaining, 'This is her first lynching'. Nor do we often attain the sublimity of the Charles Addams drawing of a dreadful, hairless, pear-shaped, abortive-looking expectant father being told by the bright nurse peeping out of the maternity ward, 'Congratulations! It's a baby!'

Richard Taylor, a well-known contributor to the *New Yorker*, illustrates a little book called *Fractured French*, by F. S. Pearson (Putnam, 6s.). The formula is to furnish a spoof translation of a French phrase with a pleasantly farcical drawing. '*Voici l'anglais avec son sang froid habituel*' is translated as 'Here comes that Englishman with his usual bloody cold', and '*Tant pis, tant mieux*' as 'My aunt is much happier since she made a telephone call'. Among the English offerings is *Back to the Slaughterhouse, and other Ugly Moments*, by Ronald Searle (Macdonald, 6s.). He does not limit himself to the fiendishly sadistic girls of St. Trinian's, whom he has driven to new extremes of macabre fantasy: he has bred a repulsive strain of corpulent financiers, perhaps a shade too like the wicked capitalists of





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communist caricature; and he has a finely pointed pen for women, kept and unkept. To compliment Mr. Searle upon drawing like a European is not to denigrate the Americans, but to hint that not all good things come from the other side of the Atlantic, and that in comic draughtsmanship and inventiveness, as in other things, we still have flavours of our own.

If, on this island, our decline in national self-confidence and our prevailing checks upon vitality, idiosyncrasy, and social life fill our funny papers with an excess of little, tittering, anaemic quips about television, motoring, or cricket, American humour, at its worst, runs to an opposite extreme. Extracts from reviews printed on the dust-jacket of S. J. Perelman's *The Swiss Family Perelman* (Reinhardt and Evans, 12s. 6d.) suggest that his previous books have found appreciation here. The less said about this one the better; its arrogance, bad temper, and vulgarity are not only boring but a disservice to his country. Nothing could be remoter from it in tone than Robert Benchley's *My Ten Years in a Quandary* (Dobson, 9s. 6d.) or Ogden Nash's *Family Reunion* (Dent, 8s. 6d.). Those who saw Benchley on the screen, lecturing, say, on 'The Life of the Polyp', will not easily forget that happy blend of mock seriousness, false diffidence, and gentle iconoclasm—especially at the expense of scientists. 'I think that I am violating no confidence', he wrote, 'when I say that Nature holds many mysteries which we humans have not fathomed as yet', and somehow the right note was struck for a page or two of the mildest whimsical mockery evoked by some solemn news-item or knowledge quiz. Ogden Nash has made from his books a selection of verses that illustrate his 'preoccupation with family relationships'. They also illustrate his faculty for distorting words to make rhymes and his other ingenuities. None the worse for the influences of Belloc, Harry Graham, and the clerihow, he is one of the best-known living writers of light verse and has rightly been called a laughing philosopher.

WILLIAM PLOMER

## Poet or Prophet?

The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence

By Harry T. Moore. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

OF THE WRITING of books on D. H. Lawrence there seems to be no end. In an Appendix of sixteen pages Mr. Moore gives a fairly exhaustive account of this literature—though he has not caught up with Dallas Kenmare's study of the poetry, published last May under the title of *Fire-Bird* (James Barrie, 7s. 6d.). More is announced, including 'several doctrinal dissertations . . . one at Allahabad'. One wonders with what particular blast of invective Lawrence himself would have greeted all this academic scrutiny; and whether it would not be better to read and re-read Lawrence himself, rather than books about him. But Mr. Moore's book is a good book (though it also 'was submitted originally in partial fulfilment of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Boston University Graduate School'): it is level-headed, comprehensive, and in relation to Lawrence's early years makes up for the comparative neglect of previous writers. It includes some interesting photographs of Eastwood (Nottinghamshire) and other places associated with Lawrence's life.

For the most part, Mr. Moore's book is a patient survey of Lawrence's work, with sufficient biography to give that work a setting and an explanation. There is no gossip for gossip's sake, but also no attempt to avoid personal issues. The author is unfairly severe with Mr. Middleton Murry, calling him 'that prime denigrator and mis-interpretor of Lawrence . . . the man who neglected his talents as a literary critic to indulge in a confused evangelism'. Norman Douglas also gets his knuckles rapped. The memoirists in general are dismissed as being 'too nervously close to the subject'—as 'too exclusively seeing the man instead of the work'.

No impartial critic is likely to quarrel with Mr. Moore's portrait of the man; it is sympathetic, but cool and detached. As for his views on the work, these, too, are restrained enough, Lawrence being placed 'among the secondary novelists of our time', with Kafka, Gide, Conrad, Stein, Woolf, Faulkner, and the early Hemingway, but well below Proust, Joyce, and Mann. As a poet he places Lawrence lower than Rilke, Eliot, Yeats, Valéry and Lorca, but 'somewhat above such poets as Pound and Hart Crane'. These lines of demarcation, though drawn firmly, are not justified, and the reader may be inclined to share

Hemingway's opinion (quoted by Mr. Moore)—'There is no order for good writers'.

It is only by treating Lawrence as 'poet' or 'novelist' that he can be pigeon-holed in this manner, and it is even questionable whether he was *primarily* an artist of any kind. The fact that Lawrence regarded himself as primarily a novelist may be the biggest mistake he made, for he shared what might be called the Flaubertian illusion—namely, that the novel is in some unique sense the art-form of the modern age. This belief was firmly held during the first four decades of the century, not only by purists of the craft such as Henry James, but also by the hold-all-at-any-price school of H. G. Wells and Thomas Mann.

The truth is, of course, that a work of art is of all time or of no time, and the particular view of the novel shared by Lawrence has ended in the general bankruptcy of fiction (and of fiction publishers). What is now more conspicuously boring than the novel of the nineteen-twenties (and earlier)? What is more conspicuously boring than some of D. H. Lawrence's novels, to anyone with a sense of literary form? But this is not because the ideas that Lawrence put into his novels were dull or unimportant ideas; on the contrary, it might be said that Lawrence is the most interesting social philosopher of the twentieth century. He makes most of our academic sociologists and psychologists look pompous and silly, and this is simply because he felt ideas in his blood-stream or his diaphragm (somatically, the professors might say), and not as mealy concepts.

It will be said that Lawrence could also write beautiful prose (his verse is more questionable). But so could the greatest social philosopher of the nineteenth century—John Ruskin. Mr. Moore compares Lawrence to Dostoevsky (whom he hated) and Rousseau (whom he did not understand), but does not mention Ruskin, with whom the literary parallel is very exact, however widely separated they may be in ideology (though the parallels here are striking enough, even on the subject of sex). Lawrence could write divinely, but he could only make the novel a sagging, rickety vehicle for his ideas. As for those ideas, admittedly there was too much extravagance in the expression of them—too much exasperated talk of blood and flux and phallic ecstasy. But all great prophets get excited and rhetorical, and Lawrence was a great prophet—he is with Jeremiah and Ezekiel of old, with Ruskin and Tolstoy in our own time. To reduce him to the academic categories of the Graduate School—the novel as 'the living form of the age', etc.—is to measure a great man with minute callipers. As time passes we shall stand back, and see him for the giant that he was.

HERBERT READ

## War Crimes and the Future

U.N.O. and War Crimes. By Viscount Maugham.

With a Postscript by Lord Hankey. Murray. 12s. 6d.

ALREADY IN THE SERVICES there has been concern regarding what may happen if the Charter of the Nuremberg trial is made valid for the future. To those fears Lord Maugham now gives precision. Recalling that the General Assembly of the United Nations, in pursuit of the ideal of an international criminal court, has endorsed this Charter and also the tribunal's judgment, he declares that as a result anybody who answers his country's call to the colours in war time may be exposed to trial and punishment by the enemy as a war criminal.

The Charter delivered the 'law' for the court. It was drawn up in London in the summer of 1945 by British, American, Russian, and French lawyers. Article 6 lists and defines the 'crimes coming within the jurisdiction of the tribunal'. Two categories of these crimes were entirely novel—the category of 'crimes against humanity' and that of 'crimes against peace'. Article 6 had to be agreed to very hurriedly, because Lord Jowitt, who was in the chair, had another appointment he could not miss. So it was not noticed, apparently, that the definition of 'crimes against peace', as Lord Maugham reads it, made nearly half the male population of Germany liable to be accused of them. It is in this wording that, for him, the future danger lurks. Any of us may some day find the wording used as excuse for our execution.

With all respect, I submit that is largely a bogey. What happened in 1945 teaches that if a conqueror wishes to vent his wrath upon individuals of the conquered, he will need no precedent to give his vengeance the trappings of legality. He can invent crimes, exclude kinds of



evidence and bar lines of defence, extort confessions, presume guilt in advance of trial, and make guilt both collective and selective—all without any precedent whatever. He can go further. He can pretend to be interpreting and even to be making international law. In fact, since October 1, 1946, the day on which the Nuremberg tribunal concluded the delivery of its judgment, something has been taking the guise of international law, which is a novelty spectral and sinister. The threat from the United Nations lies not, as Lord Maugham supposes, in its General Assembly's approval for the future of the so-called principles 'recognised by the Charter and judgment'; the threat lies in the pretence that those so-called principles are, in the words of the General Assembly, 'principles of international law'. For let that queer substitution for the real thing prevail, and Britain, for instance, keeps outside the European army and the Schuman Plan to no purpose. The character of international law must be preserved pure and undefiled or national sovereignty and independence cannot survive.

Happily, Lord Maugham, once he has expressed the fears to which, as he feels, the acceptance of the Charter by the United Nations should give rise, in view of the way in which 'crimes against peace' are defined in Article 6, goes on to lend the authority of a former Lord Chancellor to a summary of what international law must be if it is reasonable, and to a disclosure of the truth about the famous Kellogg-Briand pact of 1928. With a simplicity and clarity of exposition which men half his age will envy—he is eighty-five—he brings out the underlying principle that has governed the making of international law so far. Regarding the allegation of the Nuremberg tribunal, in its judgment, that the Kellogg-Briand pact for 'the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy' made war 'illegal in international law', so that to 'plan and wage' war became a crime, he shows, not only that the construction was foreign to international law as it had been known till then, but also that the treaty was only ratified by the U.S. Senate on the express condition that no penalties could be incurred by its infraction.

Lord Maugham gives one chapter to the twelve further trials which were held at Nuremberg by the Americans. He has a word of approval for passages in the judgments delivered at two of them. The choice is unfortunate. For the contentions of the one were demolished by the dissenting opinion of Judge Mallory B. Blair, and those of the other by the dissenting opinion of Judge Leon W. Powers. Lord Maugham deplores that in the twelve trials as a whole the charges were not confined, as at the trials under the British Royal Warrant, to violations of the laws of war and atrocities. In this instance Dr. H. A. Smith, Mr. R. T. Paget, K.C., and others have criticised the effect of the Warrant; Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cork and Orrery has condemned two particular sentences it made possible; but here such objections are ignored. The 'political and moral' postscript to the book by Lord Hankey cannot be too warmly praised.

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## Excess of Integrity

**The Art of Wyndham Lewis.** Edited by Charles Handley-Read with a critical evaluation by Eric Newton. Faber. 42s.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is a curious and arresting figure. He stands outside the main stream of contemporary art and literature, wholly involved in his own private whirlpool. His singularity is in itself sufficient to justify this very complete record of his career as a painter.

'To speak of Lewis' period is to recognise that he was a prophet' says Mr. Eric Newton in an able and agreeable introductory essay. The description is accurate in more senses than one. Mr. Lewis has honesty and boldness of vision, a gift for making disturbing and provocative statements, a contempt for that which is merely pleasing and sensuous; qualities which are necessary to a man who is convinced of the supreme importance of his message; also, being in what he conceives to be the wilderness, he is capable of shouting at the top of his voice. These are gifts which may serve the purposes both of the duffer and of the genius; but, whether they are or are not allied to great talent, they will certainly dispose their possessor towards a highly personal and selective method of creating works of art. The emphatic tones and highly deliberate statements of this artist's work result in ruthless simplification. He confines himself to a restricted range of shapes, shapes which are almost geometrical; subtlety and harmony are sacrificed in the effort to produce a violently emphatic line and, in the end, we are left

with a rigid and metallic framework which seems intended to produce an appearance of brutal strength. It may be thought that the total effect is one of over-composition. Mr. Handley-Read has here a fine field for his exposition of structural principles. He can, and does, perform his task with care, thoroughness, and enthusiasm. Being an admirer he is in the enviable position of being able to explain, in almost scientific terms, just what it is that he admires; he can point to the articulation of the skeleton much more convincingly and easily than if it were clothed in flesh.



Portrait of Ezra Pound (1938), by Wyndham Lewis

From 'The Art of Wyndham Lewis'

To some observers it must seem that too much has been sacrificed in Mr. Lewis' sincere and remorseless search for clarity, and that, in the last analysis—which is indeed all that remains—there is a fundamental insufficiency. Mr. Eric Newton compares these paintings to those of Mantegna—the comparison is necessary to his argument—but it cannot but draw attention, in a striking fashion, to the inherent lack of sensibility which makes these compositions fail, even as compositions. 'Mantegna', he writes, 'unlike Lewis, does not simplify', and here we may perceive one of the modern artist's defects, too much has been thrown overboard, nature has been too much denuded and distorted; but Mantegna also shows how an exact and fearless insistence upon a harsh line and an intellectually perfect composition can be combined with harmony of movement and beauty of design.

Those who admire the paintings of Wyndham Lewis, and clearly he has many intelligent and discerning amateurs, will not find a comparison with the work of Mantegna so very damaging; but they may still allow that the works, so admirably reproduced in this book, would have been better if they had not suffered so drastically from their creator's self imposed discipline, and that Mr. Wyndham Lewis suffers from a malady rare among modern painters—an excess of integrity.

QUENTIN BELL

## The U.N. at War

**Cry Korea.** By Reginald Thompson. Macdonald. 16s.

THIS BOOK DIFFERS from most of those written by war correspondents in that its author is a man of great sensibility. Mr. Thompson fought through the last war from beginning to end and personally witnessed some of its greatest horrors, but only in Korea did he come finally to realise the full significance of warfare, particularly when, as in Korea, it is carried on among peasants to whom communism and democracy are equally meaningless, who seek only survival.

Although much of *Cry Korea* has obviously been written in great haste and is consequently in need of revision, it has a sort of urgency and vividness it might otherwise have lacked. And since the book has not been provided with a map the many Korean place-names scattered throughout the text are not of great value. Strangely, this



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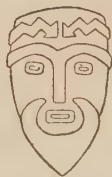
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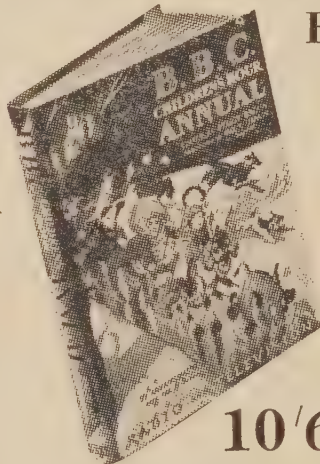
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does not greatly matter, for the importance of this account of six months spent in Korea during the autumn and winter of last year does not lie in its picture of the actual military operations, but in its very informative account of the United States soldier at war.

Mr. Thompson is very critical, but he is in no sense anti-American; indeed he feels that it is perhaps the most important of all things that we should somehow learn to understand the Americans and somehow to overcome what he, rightly I think, calls 'the disastrous handicap of a similar language'. For many of the senior American officers he has little but praise. The trouble, it seems, lies with the ordinary rank and file with their aggressive insistence upon equality, which deprives them of natural leaders and of standards at which to aim. It is for this reason that, although provided with every possible material aid and comfort, they revert so easily to squalor when in the fighting line. It is interesting to note how the South Koreans' natural abilities as fighters have been sapped by American training, equipment, and rations. They had, it seems, become spoiled and ready to grumble if all kinds of luxuries, of which they had not even heard a few months earlier, were not immediately available. 'It had to be admitted', Mr. Thompson notes, 'that the Russians had made a much better job of training and equipping the North Korean army, using their natural abilities and developing them. Man to man the South Koreans are doubtless as brave as the North Koreans, just as the Americans themselves on a man-to-man basis are as brave as anyone else'. Incidentally, the American insistence upon equality probably accounts for the undoubted brutality often displayed by their military policemen; it is obviously useless to try to reason with a man who is psychologically unable to put service and duty above self. It seems that the average American G.I. has not, as most Europeans have, that sense of nation or brotherhood, for his race is still in the melting pot. As a lone wolf he is often superb, but this is a difficult role for any man to sustain.

Mr. Thompson has many interesting things to say about such diverse subjects as the nature of American military intelligence and the doubtful value of superior fire-power in Korea, where it does not seem to have got us anywhere at all. As for General MacArthur, he regarded him frankly as a menace. 'But', he says, 'to see MacArthur clearly it is only necessary to inflate an ordinary G.I. to outrageous proportions, and there he is. Stand him beside such men as Eisenhower—or Wavell—and he shrinks at once to his right size'. *Cry Korea* does much to explain why the United Nations Forces have hitherto been unable to obtain a decision in this most unfortunate of wars, but it is above all things a real contribution to Anglo-American relations because it deals frankly and sensibly with our many differences in outlook.

JOHN MORRIS

## Wild Abuse

Oscar Wilde: a Present-time Appraisal

By St. John Ervine. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

Oscar Wilde. By André Gide. William Kimber. 10s. 6d.

'THE MAN WILDE', as the scurrilous journalists called him when he was on trial, is again in the dock, and counsel on the other side is again an Ulsterman. But Edward Carson fought in 1895 to obtain a verdict in a matter of law, while Mr. St. John Ervine is fighting in 1951 against a verdict already pronounced in a matter of letters. One can go on saying that the works of Wilde are tawdry, second-rate, derivative and all the rest of it, if one wishes to waste the time and the paper; but the general public are the ultimate, not the immediate, arbiters, and they now buy his books in thousands and go to his comedies in hundreds of thousands. The plays of Arthur Pinero, says Mr. Ervine, are 'immeasurably superior' to Wilde's 'rubbish'; but within the past decade or so three of Wilde's plays have run in the West End much longer than they did when first produced, while two of Pinero's, enormously successful in their time, have been comparative failures in present day revivals. Wilde, in short, triumphed throughout the period when nearly every famous author suffers eclipse—the generation following his death—and the particular play which Mr. Ervine thinks rubbish, 'Lady Windermere's Fan', has recently been played six hundred times at the Haymarket Theatre to a succeeding generation of playgoers. Agreed that Pinero can manufacture plots and manage probabilities far better than Wilde, who had something better to do. 'A dramatist who sets out to reveal life should reveal life and not fanciful fiction', says

Mr. Ervine. True; but Wilde did not pretend to reveal life: he called his dramas 'devices' and his people 'puppets'. Strip the play of its epigrams and what remains? asks Mr. Ervine of one of Wilde's comedies. For that matter, strip 'As You Like It' of its poetry and what remains? It is the wit and humour of Wilde's plays that keep them alive, and the long, detailed, abusive summaries of their stories and characters by Mr. Ervine display a sad lack of humour and an odd show of temper. He attempts to break a butterfly upon a wheel.

To the man himself Mr. Ervine is even more hostile. He denies that Wilde had humour, though the evidence of all who knew Wilde personally, including Bernard Shaw, is that he had it in abundance. Wilde was one of the greatest and most spontaneous talkers on record, a man who could keep people of all sorts in delighted laughter for hours on end; yet Mr. Ervine calls him 'an industrious rehearser of epigrams', who burnt gallons of midnight oil in preparing his witticisms. The inventions of Frank Harris are used by Mr. Ervine when they suit his purpose, discarded when they do not. The silly stories that attempt to discredit Wilde in his last phase are given credence. Wilde's friends, like Robert Sherard, are described in terms of contempt or vituperation; while of his greatest friend, Robert Ross, who is referred to frequently as 'Mr. Robert Baldwin Ross' (to denote withering scorn) the question is asked 'What hell will be deep enough and dark enough to hold him when he is violently hurled from heaven for corrupting and debauching a brilliant mind?' This sentence is written by one who regards some of the speeches in Wilde's plays as melodramatic bosh.

It goes without saying that Wilde's most harmless eccentricities, such as the attempt in his twenties to appear like Balzac, are gravely censured by this critic. 'A man who behaves like Balzac should first take care to be Balzac', is the heavy pronouncement. A poor outlook for the Christian world if a man has to be Jesus Christ before he can behave like Jesus Christ. Mr. Ervine's method of proving or disproving the truth of a story is not unlike Robert Sherard's: factual, forensic, long-winded, and quite unconvincing. His book is not 'a present-time appraisal', for it displays all the rancour of a past time and is full of infantile irrelevancies and angry denunciations. He tries to convict Oscar Wilde of having committed the sin against the Holy Ghost; but those who are less certain than Mr. Ervine of being in a state of grace that would allow them to deliver such an awful judgment may console themselves with the assurance that Wilde's unpardonable sin is simply his inability to charm, or his ability to enrage, Mr. Ervine.

André Gide's recollections of Oscar Wilde are not of much value, and his account of Wilde's behaviour in Algeria just before the trial was described by Reginald Turner, one of Wilde's closest friends, as fantastically untrue. This volume contains everything he wrote on the subject; but the reader can form no notion of Gide's shaky sense of reality from the bits of *Si le Grain ne Meurt* that appear here.

HESKETH PEARSON

## How Indian Freedom Came

Mission with Mounbatten

By Alan Campbell-Johnson. Hale. 25s.

MR. CAMPBELL-JOHNSON'S book is destined to be, perhaps, the most authentic published account of the remarkable months that saw one of the most astonishing transformations in human history, the turning, within that time, of public opinion in India from doubt; distrust and aloofness towards Britain to exultant enthusiasm and affection for the persons of the last British Viceroy and his wife, and through them, for the people of England. Much credit must, of course, go to the Cabinet Mission for their patient labours in 1946, also to Lord Wavell, and to Mr. Attlee's speech in February, 1947, when he announced without qualification that the British would withdraw by June, 1948. But the battle for the heart of India was by no means won when the Mountbattens arrived. Within a fortnight Gandhi and Nehru had capitulated—not to Mountbatten's 'dangerous charm', as Nehru described it to his face, but to the candour and sincerity of both. And much more distrustful men and women were quickly won over. By Independence Day, August 15, 1947, the conquest of friendship was complete. Well might Lord Samuel acclaim it as 'an event unique in history—a treaty of peace without a war'.

Mr. Campbell-Johnson's book uncovers the daily exertions, the daily crises, lasting month after month, both before and after the transfer of



power, through which Lord Mountbatten, together with the Indian leaders, achieved almost superhuman tasks within the minimum of time. Since 1947, in view of the tragedy that followed in the Punjab, the question has often been put 'Was not the whole process rushed too much?' I think the reader of Mr. Campbell-Johnson's diary will conclude, with Mr. Rajagopalachari, as quoted here (page 298) 'that if Mountbatten had not transferred power when he did there might well have been no power to transfer'. It was not Mountbatten who went too fast, but his predecessors who had gone too slow—they had not seen how near the precipice was.

Mr. Campbell-Johnson's book also provides essential material for judgments on Hyderabad and Kashmir. The picture that emerges of His Exalted Highness the Nizam is not a prepossessing one. The author himself was sent on a mission to Hyderabad, so his evidence on the whole matter is of the first importance. If it is agreed that there could be no place in the heart of India for a wholly independent State, then the evasions and prevarications of the Hyderabad Government were surely unpardonable—but some of India's actions, such as the appointment of Mr. Munshi, do not seem to have been wise.

On Kashmir it is abundantly clear that Lord Mountbatten did his utmost to persuade the Maharajah to accede to one or other Dominion before events got out of hand, and he was assured that accession to Pakistan would not be challenged by India. But he delayed; the tribal invasion took place; and then accession to India was the necessary pre-

condition of assistance from India in repelling the invasion. The alternative would have been the sack of Kashmir. The Maharajah's delay has, in fact, nearly ruined both India and Pakistan.

I have detected a few errors in fact. On page 44, Nehru is reported as telling Mountbatten that 'Wavell had made one serious blunder in inviting the Moslem League to come into the Constituent Assembly', 'Constituent Assembly' should be 'Interim Government'. On page 149 the reference to *West Bengal* (where Sir Frederick Bourne was going as Governor) should read *East Bengal*. On page 200 Pandit Kunzru is described as a prominent Congressman. Five pages later he is correctly described as a Liberal. Most important, Gandhi is said, on page 252, to have been favourably disposed to the reference of the Kashmir dispute to the United Nations. A few days later than this record, he was saying that such a reference would only lead to endless trouble, and that it should be settled by direct negotiation, possibly with the help of some friendly Englishman, if a suitable man could be found. I believe this was his view throughout.

I could wish that Mr. Campbell-Johnson had stated quite explicitly in his preface just what amount of essential editing he has permitted himself. He speaks of his 'diary narrative', and again of 'daily notes, letters and memoranda'. Some of his statements will probably be challenged and it is therefore important to know exactly what his source material really is.

HORACE ALEXANDER

## The Tomb of a Pharaoh

Tutankhamun's Treasure. By Penelope Fox. Oxford. 25s.

AS THE AUTHOR STATES, this is a picture-book providing an illustrated introduction to the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamun and its contents; there are seventy-two photographic plates admirably selected, many of the photographs being unpublished heretofore, accompanied by descriptions based on Howard Carter's card-index which give precisely the information required to supplement the actual pictures. Five of the plates give us more or less general views, enough to show the condition in which objects were found, a point of importance for our understanding of the tomb; the rest present individual objects or details of such, and although these are but a small proportion of the innumerable treasures buried with the Pharaoh they are certainly those most fit to represent the whole. The photographs, mostly the work of Mr. Harry Burton, whose services were lent to Howard Carter by the Metropolitan Museum, are without exception excellent, as is also their reproduction by the Oxford Press and their arrangement. In Chapter IV of the text we have a good and straightforward description of the tomb, room by room, and of the nature and position of the principal objects found in each; the plates follow this order, and full cross-references help us to visualise the description with the minimum of effort; without this factual account the 'picture-book' would have lost most of its scientific value. But for the appreciation of the works of art found in the tomb the illustrations are so full as to make us independent of the author's opinions.

The tomb furniture was indeed a curious medley. On the one hand we have real artistic treasures exquisite in conception and carried out with a technical skill that attains perfection; such are the gold mask over the face of the mummy, the three goddesses from the Canopic shrine, the wooden figure of the dead king, and many others. On the other hand we may be shocked by the grotesque ill-taste of the couches and the blatant vulgarity of most (not all) of the alabaster vessels, or again

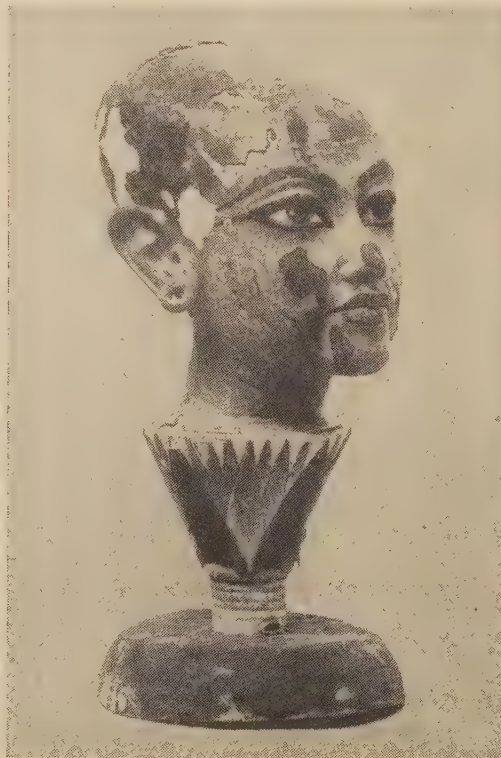
(though this is not so apparent in the photographs, since such objects would naturally not be selected for illustration) by shoddy craftsmanship. Miss Cox is discreetly silent on this point, but she does rightly

emphasise another and equally curious medley which might well have escaped her readers had they not had her guidance—the presence in the tomb of this convert to religious orthodoxy of so many monuments of the Akhenaten heresy which he had officially forsworn. That the art patronised by Akhenaten should have survived into the reign of his son-in-law is natural enough—many of the tomb objects must have been made at Akhenaten and brought to Thebes, when the court returned to the old capital, as part of the young king's palace furniture; but it is surprising that the obliteration of the divine name 'Aten' was so far from general; Miss Fox's suggestion that the Pharaoh's conformity to the Amun ritual was more politic than sincere may well be right.

On page twenty-four the description of an iron amulet as being 'of particular interest as it provides proof of the use of iron in Egypt at that period' is not very happily expressed; earlier examples of iron have been found. But it was still rare. At Byblos, which came within the Egyptian Empire, an amulet of iron set in gold has been found in a tomb of the time of Amenemhat III (twenty-first century B.C.), and similar amulets are mentioned in the treasury-list of the temple of Ninegal at Meshrike dating from before the time of Thothmes III; that the metal was no longer so precious in Tutankhamun's day seems to be shown by the king's own dagger and by the iron model tools carried by his *ushebti* figures. In the description given here of plate nine, 'front panel' should read 'back panel'—the only textual error I have noticed.

This is a very useful as well as a very attractive book.

LEONARD WOOLLEY



Portrait head in painted wood of Tutankhamun springing from a lotus flower

From 'Tutankhamun's Treasure'



## Preserved Browning

New Letters of Robert Browning. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William Clyde de Vane and Kenneth Leslie Knickerbocker. Murray. 30s.

'DEAREST SIS', WROTE ROBERT BROWNING to his sister Sarianna in November 1873, in a hitherto unpublished letter now printed in this volume: 'Yours came safely; the packet is four more numbers of the Chicago Railway Guide'. This guide, issued in 1873 by the Chicago and Alton Railroad, contained as supplement to its timetables and advertisements a reprint of a large portion of the latest English edition of Browning's works. Devised to provide passengers on *The Lightning Express* with 'works of permanent value and which appeal to the highest culture and most refined taste', it was merely one rather unusual symptom of the transatlantic passion for Robert Browning which has happily not abated since his death. This new volume of unpublished scraps and letters is the most recent manifestation of that interest.

In a slightly embarrassing introduction the painstaking compilers of the book declare that it has 'cost' them 'days and weeks and years'. Assessing the relative value of previous collections of Browning's letters, they speak of Mr. Richard Curle's neat arrangement of the poet's correspondence with one of his innumerable female devotees, the blue-stocking Julia Wedgewood (published in this country in 1937): 'While adequate, the editorial efforts of Mr. Curle are not strenuous'. The same cannot be said of the editorial efforts of Mr. de Vane and Mr. Knickerbocker which, displaying both the merits and demerits of transatlantic literary scholarship, are over-sufficient and imbued throughout with a sense of strain. Although the editors' intention seems to have been to provide a source book for a future school of biographers of Browning, their annotations, meticulous, repetitive, and often enough obtuse, cater not only for readers totally unacquainted with the English literary history of the last century, but in many cases it would seem for persons unaccustomed to the use of memory and even perhaps to the consecutive perusal of the printed page.

Apart from a host of American admirers who read, studied, and discussed their works, the Brownings had many friends among the American expatriates then resident in Florence and Rome. Some of these, like the perfidious Sophia Eckley, subject of Mrs. Browning's curious satire *Where's Agnes?* (but whom, as letters in this volume show, Browning ultimately forgave), offended against the Brownings' high standards of friendship; others remained their friends till death, while in Browning's latter Warwick-Crescent period he was constantly making new and agreeable American contacts in London. It is thus not unfitting that the home of what is apparently termed 'Browning scholarship' should be across the Atlantic. The majority of the letters in this volume are now interned in American collections: Yale, Morgan, Schiff, the New York Public Library. The quality of the material is, however, uneven, and one cannot help wondering why many of the short refusal- and acceptance-notes need have been published at all. Far and away the most interesting letters in the series are those to Sarianna Browning and to Forster written immediately after Mrs. Browning's death, and describing her last day and her funeral in moving detail. Apart from these there are some high-spirited notes to the 'English Eyebright' of Browning's youth, Miss Fanny Haworth; some unctuous letters to Macready, whose favour Browning wished to curry; a series of letters to Richard Monckton Milnes supplementing those already printed in the biography by Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid and forming part of the papers of the late Lord Crewe, of whose death more than six years ago the editors seem unaware; letters to John Forster kept in the Victoria and Albert Museum; and forty-six letters to Edward Chapman, the publisher with whom Browning maintained over many years a relationship even more querulous than is usual between writers and their publishers. It is these Chapman letters, all concerning royalty payments, which probably form the most notable single portion of the book, and in an able appendix the editors analyse the causes of Browning's break with Chapman and Hall and his transference to Smith and Elder.

All of these letters, both those which require elucidation and those which speak only too clearly for themselves, suffer from a malady now too frequent in transatlantic scholarship—over-editing. Footnotes and annotations are, as everybody knows, essential to the serious editing of any set of letters; many people might go further, and say that discrimination and selection were another function of the editor, and that

a note reading 'Dear Mrs. Bayne, I should be delighted to dine with you on the 15th but have been long engaged on that day' need not imperatively be given to the world. For the results of such excessive editing are to deaden and not to vitalise the past. Preserved in a viscous fluid of superfluous commentary, the Brownings and the other great Victorians who have been subjected to this treatment become not less but more difficult to understand. Is not, indeed, some comparison to be drawn here between English personages thus mummified and the parents of Madame de Stael, whose bodies, floating in spirits of wine in the mausoleum at Coppet, were described by one of the few living men who have seen them as 'dim, shadowy shapes, rather like giant newts'?

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

## The Left Wall

British Working Class Movements; Select Documents, 1789-1875. By G. D. H. Cole and A. W. Filson. Macmillan. 45s.

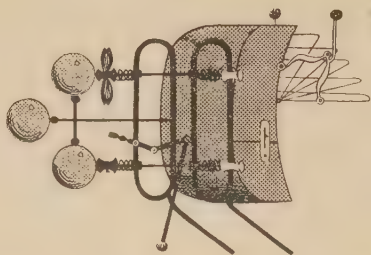
THE BRICKS OF HISTORY are of greater interest than the constructions of historians. Bricks—documents—are part of action, whereas the historian's synthesis is merely action's reflection. Of nineteenth-century documents, there are unhappily not many selections. The accumulation of papers is overwhelming, but there have been few 'sextons paid to dig among the files'. So one must be grateful to the editors for this handsome production. There might indeed have been less handsomeness and more matter, since the page carries only about sixty per cent. of the words on a page of Commager's *Documents of American History*.

As the title implies, the text is almost wholly politico-social, devoted to the rise of the manual worker from an obscure individual to a formidable figure in political society. The period runs up to the recognition of the Trade Unions in the Acts of 1871, 1875, and 1876. The broad outline of the movement is clearly illustrated: first the period of unrest, sporadic revolt, and resistance to technical innovation. Next, Chartism, the alliance between the groups doomed to extinction, such as the unmechanised textile workers, with the skilled artisans, the heirs of the future, a purely political alliance, since their economic aims were fundamentally antagonistic. Finally, the quarter of a century which opens with the foundation of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in December, 1851, the years of the rejection of violence, the acceptance of reality and the purposeful organisation for attainable material ends. Other sections cover parallel topics: the Six Acts, the Press laws, Co-operation, the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867.

In their preface, the editors tell us that the selection has been made to support two works of synthesis, Professor Cole's *Short History of the Working Classes*, and his and Mr. Postgate's *The Common People*. This has perhaps limited the choice. Both these works are—it is not unjust to say—'slanted'. The result is that we have perhaps too much of the manifestos and orators, and certainly too little of the workers themselves, and too little also of those redoubtable champions of the workers, the Factory Inspectors, the Poor Law and Handloom Weavers Commissioners. For such, one must return to Mr. M. W. Thomas' admirable *Early Factory Legislation* and to Dona Torr's 'History in the Making' series. It is surprising to find no quotations from the famous Mines Report of 1842 or those on the health and sanitation of towns. One is grateful for many things, the clauses from the various Acts, Union rules, passages from Cartwright, Thompson, Spence and, above all, the realist Place. We have part of the recommendations of the Commission on Trade Unions, but none of the evidence of such as Allan, Guile, and Harnott. The editors are of course entitled to rejoin that the volume covers 'Movements' and not 'History'. Even so, too much, seventy-six pages, has been given to Chartism, a spectacular but abortive movement, and too little to the persistent, quiet, and more effective Short Time committees. Professor Cole pays a heavy tribute to Guild Socialism with forty pages on co-operatives.

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of groups. It may seem churlish when so much labour and time have been given to a large and necessary work, to be lukewarm in our gratitude. It is something to have an easily available collection of documents, but it is disappointing to find so many of the bricks even in one wall missing. There is nothing to exhibit the extermination of the obsolescent craftsmen, victims of both capital and labour. Not a tear for the handloom weavers: less even than Larry Doyle's epitaph on Matt Haffigan. Truly Sorel remarked, it is the point of view of the victors alone that counts. Sorel's is the attitude of most historians of the Labour movement; but it is not history. Here the main problem of the years 1815-51 is invisible, the problem of feeding, housing, keeping healthy and orderly a people who were breeding at a pace unexampled in Europe, and governed by an organisation structurally incapable of handling the situation, misled by the Jack-o'-Lanterns of Ricardian theory. The documents here do not show that the transition from a traditional and largely rural society to an urban and empirically industrial society threw up problems which could not be solved by the mere passage of Acts of Parliament. Yet there is available evidence of the perplexities and difficulties of humane reformers and sensible employers. That there was brutality, oppression, injustice and cruelty, no one contests. All critical epochs exhibit the same characteristics; we need look no further than eastern Europe today. It is the grievances which get the limelight and into history. 'Don't anybody have troubles except the Jews and the coloured folk?' exclaimed an exasperated reader of *P.M.* There is evidence to support the view that between 1815 and 1875 the existence of many was turbulent, lively, and happy, but no one documents it.

GUY CHAPMAN

## The Approach to James

Henry James. By F. W. Dupee.

Methuen: 'American Men of Letters' Series, 15s.

'EVEN TODAY', SAYS Mr. Dupee, 'when Henry James is more widely appreciated than ever during his lifetime, his readers are seldom agreed as to what he is distinguished for, which are his best books and periods . . . , and finally just how great a writer he really is'. In fact, the sense in which James is 'widely appreciated' had better not be closely questioned, for the cult of James, as Mr. Dupee's book once again reminds us, is an odd thing: it so often faces us with the difficulty of believing that the admirer could explain satisfactorily, in terms of intelligent criticism, what it is he admires and why. The dust-jacket says that this book 'will undoubtedly set the tone for James' criticism for years to come'. That is hard to believe, because it makes no convinced personal approach to James; such conviction as it expresses is wholly of an institutional kind.

Something different would have been extremely welcome in the 'American Men of Letters Series'—and James, after all, offers so good an opportunity. Those who care about the literary future of the English language must watch with dismay the present determined drive at setting up a Great American Literature as a national Establishment. To assume that America, now the world's greatest Power, must therefore be shown to have produced a literature comparable with the world's great literatures can work nothing but harm for our common future. It means, characteristically, offering to parallel the 'English Men of Letters' with an American series that includes Stephen Crane, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, William Cullen Bryant, Emily Dickinson, Scott Fitzgerald, Constance Rourke and James Whitcomb Riley, and the tendency of such a confusion of values cannot be either to win recognition for the real American achievement in literature in the past (the very impressive achievement of the nineteenth century), or to promote life in the present.

The tendency is apparent in Mr. Dupee's book in the remark that a passage in James' note-book 'looks forward to the pleasure-sad prose of Hemingway or Fitzgerald' and the proposition that *The American Scene*, 'so remarkably forward-looking', 'is a kind of sourcebook of later American writing, full of the unborn spirits of poems by Hart Crane and plays by Eugene O'Neill'. The depressing concomitant of this element (in itself not very obtrusive) in Mr. Dupee's book is the failure to challenge, by a real approach, any clear critical recognition for James' greatness. It would amount, then, to a misleading emphasis

if the reviewer enumerated the instances where Mr. Dupee's judgments or his interpretations seem patently wrong (though it is impossible to refrain from an exclamation of surprise at his ability to make Mrs. Brookenham the heroine of *The Awkward Age*). An appropriate note, perhaps, is to protest at the revealing injustice to what James called his first novel, *Roderick Hudson*, of which (while starring *The American* as pre-eminently a 'success') Mr. Dupee says that 'it is not much more than a museum for the present-day reader'. 'The novel', he says, 'is only too plainly an object lesson in the danger of converting artistic genius into a mere flair for dangerous living'. Actually, the interesting question is why the offer to make creative genius, in the person of a sculptor, a major actor in the drama, was not disastrous. And James himself, in the Preface, gives us the answer when he tells us that 'the centre of interest throughout is in Rowland Mallet's consciousness', 'and this in spite of the title of the book'. To see this is to see why the relative failure represented by *Roderick* himself is not fatal to the book, which is concerned with a good deal more than the object lesson that Mr. Dupee finds in it. In fact, for all its minor status in the Jamesian oeuvre, it is an astonishingly original and astonishingly successful work—in the nature of its undertaking and the sure intelligence of its means a proof of the genius of the young writer. And it was written, hard as this is to realise, in the 'seventies, the most distinguished products of which time look old-fashioned beside it.

F. R. LEAVIS

## Films from Italy

The Italian Cinema. By Vernon Jarratt. Falcon Press, 15s.

ANYONE WHO JUDGES from this book's slim proportions and modest binding that the price is excessive, is making a mistake. In precisely one hundred pages Mr. Jarratt presents his history of the Italian cinema—from its beginnings down to its contemporary achievement—in a style which manages not only to inform the reader and hold his attention but also to excite him. In 1945 the author became Films Officer at the British Embassy in Rome, where he saw every post-war film made in Italy and came to know personally their producers and directors. His account of the circumstances in which such films as 'Open City', 'Paisa', 'To Live in Peace', and 'Four Steps in the Clouds', were made, adds considerably to our interest in them; and what he has to tell us of those pictures which, for one reason or another have not been shown in this country, makes us keenly aware of our loss.

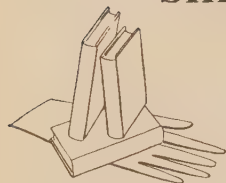
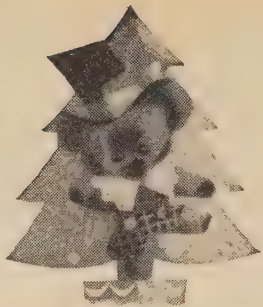
Mr. Jarratt is obviously a sound critic of films, with the additional gift, when he is describing them, of bringing clearly before the reader, as well as an actual shot, something of the atmosphere they project. He says, for instance, of 'Obsession' (made in 1942, and which he considers an astonishing film to have emerged from a Fascist-dominated industry): 'The *trattoria* itself, the surrounding countryside, the railway trains, the fair at Ancona, the day-long crowds at the *trattoria* when there is a festa, the host of minor characters, the crowds, all are superlatively real. You can almost smell the garlic and the sweat, taste the harsh red wine and the bowls of minestrone, feel the hot sun on your face and the gritty road underneath your feet'.

Filmgoers now middle-aged will, provided they went to 'the flicks' in their early youth, be reminded in these pages of Italian films that caused quite a sensation when shown in London before the first world war. Among these were 'Quo Vadis?' and 'Cabiria'; the latter scripted by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, and said to have inspired D. W. Griffith to make 'Intolerance'. Italy's contribution to the screen in those early days consisted chiefly of spectacular costume dramas costing vast sums to make. Exactly the opposite is the case today, when, with few exceptions, the emphasis is upon neo-realistic productions which draw their raw material from life in post-war Italy, and shoot it almost exclusively on location. A characteristic feature remains, however, to link the past with the present, and this is a genius for getting magnificent performances from ordinary people instead of from professional actors. Maciste, who starred in 'Cabiria', was a Genoese docker when discovered by the producer; and the principal players whose performances as father and son contributed so much to the success of 'Bicycle Thieves', were a mechanic in the Brenda factory, and a Roman newsboy.

SEWELL STOKES



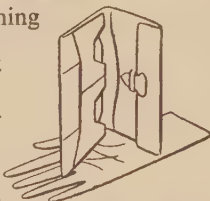
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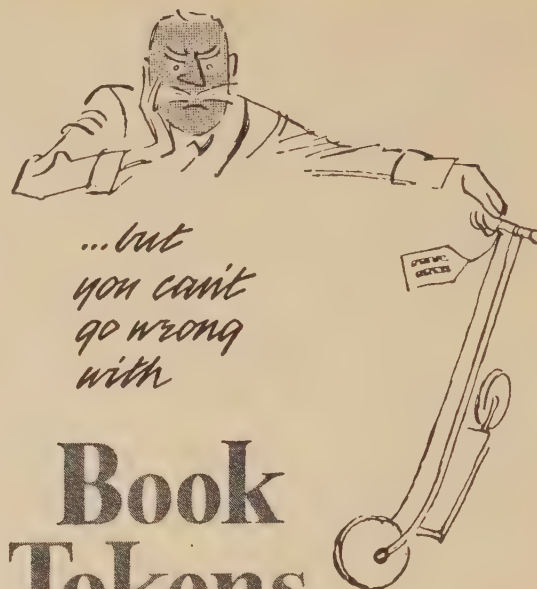
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## Children's Books

### Adventure

A FINE CROP of books for boys and girls lies ready for their reading this Christmas season.

First, four stories in which are intermingled the real and the unreal worlds. *The Dark Sailor of Youghal* by Patricia Lynch (Dent, 9s. 6d.) has an Irish setting by the sea and a touch about it of 'The Flying Dutchman'. It has also beauty, and is written so convincingly that the unreal element continually assumes the texture of reality. *The Valley of Song* by Elizabeth Goudge (University of London Press, 9s. 6d.) is a somewhat advanced fairy tale about the building of a ship by 'outside' aid, and will appeal more to girls than boys, while to the very young it could be read aloud. Strange creatures of a rare sympathetic understanding live in the valley, access to which is gained through the door in a quarry wall, and with all of them Tabitha, the heroine, makes friends; and so, when the crisis comes, the ship is built. *Pandora of Parrham Royal* by Violet Needham (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is a tenderly told tale of strong appeal to an imaginative reader. A little girl arrives from Greece at a stately home of England. She is in affinity with Bacchus and, by that means, restores the fortune of its owner who is her father. *Wild Sea Goose* by Rosemary Tonks (Murray, 7s. 6d.) is far more realistic than the other three and a powerful adventure story, but with a lamish ending. The children in it are splendidly characterised, and the tale is founded on a local legend connected with the barnacle goose which dates at least from the twelfth century.

Next are two volumes of a different category altogether, *The Boy's Book of Hobbies* edited by Carlton Wallace (Evans, 12s. 6d.) and *The Wonder Book of Tell Me Why?* (Ward Lock, 12s. 6d.). Their contents are exactly what the titles would lead one to expect, fascinatingly presented and lavishly illustrated in both cases. The danger here is that grown-ups also may lose themselves in these two attractive volumes to the deprivation of the youngsters.

Now two works of fiction based on historical fact. *The Lintovers* by Elisabeth Kyle (Davies, 9s. 6d.) is of smuggling on the Ayrshire coast a century and a half ago, and a rattling good yarn it is, fast moving and with many quaint Scottish words and expressions. *The Wool-Pack* recreates a Cotswold scene 400 years ago and is excellently illustrated by the author, Cynthia Harnett (Methuen, 11s. 6d.). The children in it are charmingly depicted and the whole atmosphere is attractive. Villainy is unmasked and the good wool merchant saved from ruin.

The three now for mention are of diverse kind. *Animals Strange and Rare*, described and drawn by Richard Ogle (Bell, 12s. 6d.), ranges over the four quarters of the globe in search of living wonders in animal life. If anything it is too packed with specimens of rarity and strangeness, and a smaller selection might have made a better book. *I, Mungo Park* by Ronald Syme (Burke, 8s. 6d.), is a re-writing, to suit the softer palate of the young, of that intrepid explorer's own book of travel, published in 1799. It is an exciting book, historical and alive. *Tekhi's Hunting* by Winifred Holmes (Bell, 9s. 6d.) is set in the jungle mountains of Assam and is of the Naga people who live there. An exciting story by one who knows the life, the people and the places.

Three now in lighter vein. *Jennings' Little Hut* and *Jennings Follows a Clue*, both by Anthony Buckeridge (Collins, 6s. each), well uphold the author's reputation as the Wodehouse of the prep. school world. The situations scream with comedy, the school-boy slang is superlatively comic, and the characters withal, both boys

and masters, react towards each other in a manner not untrue to type. *Brandy Ahoy!* by Roderic Graeme (Hutchinson, 6s.) is similar to the above two in a different, older setting; Brandy being a Merchant Navy cadet who is always in a pickle and invariably escapes the consequences. It is excellently funny.

Here are four boys' stories of what might be called conventional adventure; each good of its sort. *Quokka Island* by Leslie Rees (Collins, 5s.) is a story of trial and danger, and the unmasking of rascality, on an imaginary island off the S.W. coast of Australia; so called because of the quokkas, or small brush kangaroos, which there abound. *Galloway Gamble* by John Newsom (MacGibbon and Kee, 9s. 6d.), is in the Buchan tradition and a stirring tale with an ingeniously framed plot. True, it has a Nazi denouement, but it is none the worse for that. *Sunday Adventure* by John Pudney (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is another island story in which, amid a series of thrilling situations, the wicked are eventually brought to book. *Johnny Carew* by Norman Lee (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.) is a secret-service story with a seventeen-year-old hero. Vivid description and grand adventure soften the improbabilities inherent in it.

Lastly, two of milder tendency, preferably for girls. *Punchbowl Midnight* by Monica Edwards (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is an enticing tale of child life on a farm in Surrey, the chief excitement of which occurs when Punchbowl Midnight, a Jersey calf, escapes to join a deer herd. There are ponies in it as well, and farming stuff, and good farm talk. In brief, a corking yarn. *Stratford Adventure* by Agnes Furlong (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) describes the visit of a mixed school party to Shakespeare's birthplace; four members of the party foil a plot to steal the First Folio. There is considerable instructional value in the book, unobtrusively woven, and Baconian claims are amusingly advanced.

L. E. O. CHARLTON

### Nursery Fiction

IN THE PILE of gaudy little books I have recently absorbed, with much relish, there is hardly anything at all about adventurous railway- or fire-engines, talkative tractors and taxicabs, and as I am allergic to gossiping machinery in nursery fiction I am glad to report instead a welcome return by this season's authors to the engaging 'mouse-mole-and-rabbit' tradition for inspiration. *Pookie in Search of a Home* by Ivy L. Wallace (Collins, 4s.), in which a clever little flying rabbit defeats the plan to drive a road through Bluebell Wood where he and his friends live (a very satisfying theme, this); *Snow Bumble* by Margaret Eldon (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a pretty book about a well-bred family of mice, the Macmouses, and how they organised first aid patrols, with Bumble the Pekinese, during the Great Frost; *The Adventures of Ambrose* by Rosemary Anne Sisson (Harrap, 6s.), an amusingly detailed description of the visit of two country mice to Buckingham Palace and their thrilling encounter with the royal puss; *Mole's Castle* and *Sweethallow Valley* by Elleston Trevor (Falcon Press, 8s. 6d. and 9s. 6d.), the racy chronicles of a set of garrulous animals (both were broadcast in Children's Hour)—all these have everything the tradition in its purest form demands, whimsical mice, wise old owls, chatty moles, adventurous rabbits, cheeky robins and a whole host of subsidiary woodland creatures. These are for the five to eight age-group. For the toddlers there are ten new 'Little Golden Books' (Muller, 2s. 6d. each) which will

evoke gurgles of delight, for each has the minimum of enormous print and maximum of lovely coloured pictures. For them, too, is the famous American fantasy, *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* by Robert L. May (Publicity Products, 2s. 6d.). But the pick of the animal books for all ages is undoubtedly *The Mousewife* (Macmillan, 6s.), a story from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal lovingly retold by Rumer Godden and beautifully illustrated by W. P. du Bois.

On the whole this year's books about human adventures fall a little flat after one has been immersed in the entrancingly wayward lives of storybook animals, but any of the following will entertain the under-eights. *Big, Little, Smaller and Least* by Mabel Betsy Hill (Blackwell, 5s.), which is about four little girls who get very muddy and hilarious in their efforts to acquire a pet; *The Tooter* by Diana Ross (Faber, 8s. 6d.) and Enid Blyton's *Gay Street Book* (Latimer House, 8s. 6d.), two collections of lively tales suitable for reading aloud; and *The Caravan Comes Home* by Lucy W. Bellhouse (Harrap, 4s. 6d.), an exciting and occasionally sentimental record of a caravanning family's cross-country journey. *Mr. Apple's Family* by Jean McDevitt (Blackwell, 6s.), a description of a town family's move to the country, and *Timmy in the Country* by Rosalind Vallance (Harrap, 4s. 6d.), a realistic account of the mischief two city youngsters get up to during a holiday away from home, are both sure to be appreciated, for all children want to be let loose in the country.

Suitable for any age from seven upwards is Annette Mills' enchanting *Muffin and the Magic Hat* (University of London Press, 6s. 6d.). The famous television puppet is as beguiling as ever in this latest instalment of his life story. *The B.B.C.'s Children's Hour Annual* (Burke, 10s. 6d.), another worth-while Christmas gift, contains a fine selection of recently broadcast material. For the eight-to-ten year olds there are some very satisfying books. *The Happy Tree* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), the autobiography of an oak, tells in a simple yet poetic manner the story of the long life which began as an acorn four hundred years ago and went on through centuries of human history till today. It is beautifully written and illustrated by Helen Haywood. *The Flying Nation* by Dorothy Crowder (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) does the same service for a hive of bees, vividly but without the touch of poetry. Magic is at work in *Prince Caspian* by C. S. Lewis (Bles, 10s. 6d.), *The Gray Goose of Kilmartin* by Patricia Lynch (Puffin, 2s. 6d.), and *The Adventures of So-Hi* by Cynon Beaton-Jones (Barrie, 8s. 6d.). All three are fascinating inventions. The first has an intricate plot which juggles with time, and the good genius of the story is the great godlike lion, Aslan, whose appearance at the climax is curiously moving. Those who read Patricia Lynch's Irish tale will henceforth keep a warm corner in their hearts for all gray geese, for Betsy, the gray goose of the title, has such a warm heart herself. So-Hi's adventures include a warm friendship with a lonely dragon, a visit to the Emperor of China's court, where both are involved in intrigue, and a dangerous interlude at the North Pole, all of which makes exciting reading.

Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett in *Pets Limited* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) recount some children's efforts to earn pocket-money by dog-washing, a good idea which miscarried when one of them tried to boost business by encouraging clean pups to roll in the mud. *Rose Fairy Book*, a selection from Andrew Lang's fairy books, and *Arabian Nights*, with his original preface, are very welcome reprints. (Longmans, 10s. 6d. and 11s. 6d.).

BERNADETTE MURPHY



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### No New Horizons

NOT THE LEAST MYSTIFYING PART of the 'I Made News' series has been the necessity for importing American villainy into the programmes. True, more than one of the home-made exhibits displayed to us lacked the primary element of vitality and that possibly through no fault of the producer. The most recent of the series, re-enacting two cases, had little visual interest, let alone dramatic force. Contrarily, the two F.B.I. cases supplied tensions that made good viewing if not exemplary television. Scotland Yard, alleged to be co-operating, quite obviously did not have its mind on the job, from which one might deduce either satisfaction or alarm.

The series has been a baffling concoction of often admirable capability and a dissolute inattention to detail suggesting that someone had got the brokers in and was past caring about anything much. Thus in the latest programme we had a quick-minded, quietly assured representation of a well-known former member of the 'Big Five' playing opposite a character who was so afraid of not remembering his lines that he spoke each of them twice. Not reckoning it so high as a gesture to the overriding politics of our time, one is still left wondering why the F.B.I., why the telegram from J. Edgar Hoover. Have we no crime stockpile of our own? The compilation of these programmes had better have been handed over to the staff of the *News of the World*. At least we might have been spared the miscellany effect. And the detective inspector who went to spend the night in the home of the parents of the threatened child would have been offered a drink very much sooner. 'I Made News' has only occasionally made good television. As the creator of 'Raffles' may not have said, there's no police like Holmes. Passed to you, Philip Hope-Wallace.

What did make good television, some of the best in recent weeks, was the programme which invited us to step softly into the arcana of west end beauty culture, where red fingernails and red lips are popularly supposed to be equated with red figures in the bank statements of tolerant males. The masculine stress was deliberate. We

were in the competent hands of Berkeley Smith, who left us in no doubt that he has done some forking-out himself and thereby struck a note of fellow-feeling which made the excursion amiable as well as informative. The sum of the information was that the chastely-overalled attendants of the establishment were ministering to one of life's profoundest instincts and that there is practically nothing we forkers-out can do about it. The visual content of the programme was satisfying; the pictures were continuously unscathed and the accompanying exposition by Mary Hill well modulated and not too technical:



'I Made News', No. 7: scene from the second of the two cases presented by Ex-Superintendent Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard in the television programme of November 30; the arrest of the blackmailer in Shepherds Market



England v. Austria: Zeman, the Austrian goalkeeper, during the association football match at Wembley on November 28



Scene from the magazine film 'Work in Progress', in the television programme of November 26: apprentices in a locomotive training school working at a forge

a very good transmission. Berkeley Smith is one of television's most efficient commentators, and why is he not given some of its more spectacular assignments?

Another efficient commentary performance was given by Robert Mackenzie in last week's 'World Survey'. He paid us the compliment of clear articulation at the right pace and with no obvious recourse to notes. Bringing in the Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, Lester Pearson, showed him at a slight disadvantage as interviewer. As soon as he was in sole charge of the screen again he recovered his form and gave the role of Canada in today's divided world its warranted emphasis. With its interpolated film sequences, its diagrams and charts, 'World Survey' effectively demonstrates the value of visual aids to instruction, a model to be commended to the head teachers of the group of schools which is

soon to experiment with television in the classroom under the watchful auspices of the School Broadcasting Council of the United Kingdom.

To the viewing inventory of the fortnight, which included royalty at the Guildhall, dancing at the Lyceum, racing at Hurst Park, football at Wembley, boxing at the Royal Albert Hall, was added Gilbert Harding talking not very convincingly about books for women to read. He was all right: it was the books that did not fit. Books for 'Leisure and Pleasure' ought to be subtly chosen: memo to S. E. Reynolds, producer of this almost always interesting programme.

The interview with Mary Jerrold the same afternoon was a reminder of opportunities which 'Speaking Personally' has missed. She touched excellence, not only as herself, the actress of fifty years, but as the mother of television's *cordons bleu* and of 'Itma's' Mona Lott. We cannot have too much of the television interview; at least, not until the supply of suitable personalities has run out. A much greater risk is that the supply of suitable interviewers will run out first.

What television has failed to do during these last two weeks and more is to contribute much, if indeed anything at all, to those enlargements of human experience which will eventually prove to be among its highest justifications. Forgetting the sanctities of the beauty parlour, the cameras have not borne us on to new horizons, though at the Palais de Chaillot they showed us the chief Russian spokesman smiling avuncularly as if for once he was completely free of remote control. As for matters spiritual, the B.B.C. Television Service seems to have overlooked their continuing importance in the lives and aspirations of many viewers, for whom even the loftiest flights of Christian Simpson's imaginative treatment of music are no substitute.

Charitably disposed, one hopes that 'Post Early', last Saturday night's programme from the Nottingham postal sorting centre, will prove to have been as persuasively successful as its purpose implied. It was not of absorbing interest, despite the sad little dead-letter appeals of children to Santa Claus. A camera put there a week



before Christmas Day would be too late to achieve effective social results. It would almost certainly yield better television, especially if left to tell its own unhindered story.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Ups and Downs

LIKE MOST PEOPLE, I had regarded King John as a bad King. *Little Arthur's History*—the right kind of title—started it, and through the years I had smudged together a vague portrait of this evil fellow who gnawed the rushes at Runnymede, who killed his "nephew, and who died after a debauch. Now, it seems, he is coming up. It was odd to find in Sunday's feature (Home) that the man had the full plum-velvet drawl of Robert Livesey, and that he might have been less of a stain on English history than we had carelessly imagined. In this rewarding 'New Judgment' we were told that the fierce light that blackened every blot was turned upon John by medieval chroniclers, monks who thought of him as a good candidate for damnation. Was John wholly diabolical, or had he (in the words of Holinshed) 'a princelike heart in him'? Had he not some conception of his duty as a king? The examination by a Cambridge historian, Edward Miller, was cunningly contrived and presented. We had the pleasure of hearing John, in Mr. Livesey's voice, as he defended himself in the dock and growled silkily: 'These melodramatic stories convince nobody, my dear FitzWalter'. He had a stiff care to answer. Although he fell back now and then to the simple 'you're-another' retort, he put up some strong bouts of special pleading. As Stephen Langton said (also surprisingly, in the tones of Denys Blakelock), 'You always had a certain facility in argument'.

When John had succumbed to the effects of his peaches and new cider—another useful phrase for Roger Livesey's voice—I was still not altogether persuaded of his statesmanship; but it was clear that he deserved some mitigation of sentence: say, a Moderately Bad King. (John himself, taking the last word, murmured: 'Let them argue about me as they will. As if I cared!')

Until Sunday I would have chosen for John the tone that Valentine Dyall uses in 'Bumblethorpe' (Home). 'This is my day for light banter and merry quips', he observes in a hollow boom fit for oubliettes, for any torture-chamber by the light of a spluttering cresset. The programme is a mad game of consequences. Thus: Pike and Niblo met Moreton in the Egyptian Room at the British Museum. They said, 'Where is the Bumblethorpe diary?' He said, 'Cutting a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie'. The consequence was that they met Colonel Chinstrap; and the world said: 'Moreton has got away again, but how will he fare next week?' That is hard to say. Anything can happen in 'Bumblethorpe', a go-as-you-please, surrealistic farrago that sometimes comes off and sometimes not, but, whether up or down, is not afraid to stay in a world of nonsense and to plait our hair with straws. It has, too, the benefit of Robert Moreton's butter-won't-melt method, and that voice of Mr. Dyall's First Villain, as dark as the 'coal-sack' in the Milky Way.

For once, the week's drama was sluggish, disinclined to rise. We were labouring against the slope in 'No Heaven For Me', Cynthia Asquith's portrait-play that might have been called 'At Home with the Tolstoy's'. Grizelda Hervey, in a part that was a long shrillness of hysteria, and Felix Aylmer, as the exasperating idealist, worked without respite for a piece that soon frayed into monotony. So also with 'The Just', by Albert Camus (Third). Here, in spite of much sensitive speaking—by Robert Eddison,

for one—after an awkward start, it was difficult to raise any excitement about the arduous and endurances of those Muscovite anarchists. This was over-portentous, just as 'The Beech Tree Is Red' (Home) was over-trivial, a domestic anecdote that stuck firmly at the foot of the hill. None of the plays fixed the attention.

On the other side, how agreeable to soar in the balloon labelled curiously 'Bedtime With Braden' (Home)! It is the best sort of unpretentious airborne fooling, with Bernard Braden in control, and a script-writer who can be funny—I do assure you—about medieval agriculture: his own New Judgment. The balloon goes up and up.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Critics Criticised

I HAVE NEVER YET BEEN in a condition to listen to 'The Critics' to the best advantage, that is, after having heard, read, or seen all the items they are discussing. So equipped, I would be able to take silent part in their arguments and enthusiastically agree or violently disagree with the various views expressed. None the less, as I become invisibly acquainted with the members of the teams, or, more rarely, when I happen to be acquainted with one or other of them in the flesh, I soon find myself reading between the lines, with the result that I can often make a shrewd guess at what my own reactions would be to the play, book, broadcast or what not, under discussion. When, for instance, Rose Macaulay let fly on Features and, more particularly, the features which, it seems, infested Louis MacNeice's 'Portrait of Athens', I had no doubt whatever that if I had listened to this broadcast I would have heard ear to ear with her.

I know people who sternly object to 'The Critics' and, still more, to such programmes as 'Any Questions?' and the now extinct 'Brains Trust' on the score that listeners accept every opinion expressed as the incontrovertible wisdom of heaven-appointed pundits. 'Do you?' I always ask these people. 'Of course I don't', they say. 'No more do I', I reply; from which appears that things are not so bad as they suppose. Still, there are people, no doubt—would-be highbrows among others—who, having no opinions of their own, like to be told what to think. In such cases I can't see that any great harm is done if they echo the opinions of persons more intelligent than themselves. More often than not, however, these programmes do not give unanimous rulings but a variety of conflicting views, and this may induce the unreflecting listener to do a little thinking for himself. For those of us, on the other hand, who indulge from time to time in a little mental exercise 'The Critics', when they are in good form as they were last week, help to clarify our minds and, even on those occasions when they tell us nothing we didn't know before, provide that kind of human enjoyment which always accompanies intelligent talk.

My thoughts returned to the question of Features when listening to a talk called 'The Grateful Charioteer' by Tom Fallon, in which he described his early life in the East End of London. From the moment his family went to live there in his childhood, he fell in love with London and Londoners. The sights and sounds in the streets and markets and on the river, the strange medley of people, the Cockneys whom he found so kindly and lovable, the Welshman who drove the milk-float, the Chinese, the Lascars—he gave a vivid impression of the whole crowded scene, and as I listened to him I reflected (with horror) on what might have become

of his talk if it had fallen into the hands of a Feature-fiend. The length of the broadcast would have been doubled and the impression diluted to half its strength by a deluge of bottled clichés. I have no wish to abolish the Features Programme, lock, stock, and barrel: I recall among several others a wonderful programme on Radar in which Features (or were they effects?) played an indispensable part. All I claim is that, as the lady said to Picasso, Features should be kept in their place, and that place must be thoughtfully and sparingly chosen. A good rule would be: 'Never look out for opportunities to use Features or effects: the obvious moment for them is the one to be avoided'.

'Personal Anthology' last Friday, chosen and introduced by Edith Sitwell, was a most impressive programme which opened with Donne's magnificent 'Nocturnal upon S. Lucie's Day'. There was only one reader, Raf de la Torre, whose slow, austere delivery made it possible for the listener to enjoy to the full and without distraction the quality of each poem.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### The Tragedy of Edward Vere

ALTHOUGH 'BILLY BUDD' IS ITS TITLE and that charming and ingenious youth is the central figure in the action, Benjamin Britten's new opera, presented for the first time at Covent Garden last Saturday, is 'about' Captain Vere, the commander of Billy's ship, H.M.S. *Indomitable*, and his unwilling executioner. Vere is one of that 'band of brothers', Nelson's captains, who in the decade after the incident here related made the victory at Trafalgar possible and laid the foundations of a better navy—a humane and sensitive man, in this case a reader of history, adored by the whole ship's company, a true king of his little floating world. It is this character that, with the help of Peter Pears for whom it was designed, Britten, following Melville, has made the tragic hero of his opera.

The composer has been well served by his librettists, E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier. Apart from an occasional priggish expression which falls flatly, the book is singularly free from those ineptitudes into which opera-poets so often lapse. More important still, the libretto is extremely well constructed. Every incident contributes to the drama which is built up with great technical skill. Moreover, the librettists have provided the composer with three sharply defined characters to clothe with his music—Billy himself, Vere, and the villainous Claggart—besides a number of well-drawn minor figures, who give interest and variety to the action while always contributing to its unfolding. In the matter of formal structure they have provided opportunities for arias, ensembles, and large choral movements on the lines of late Verdian opera. The build-up for Captain Vere's first appearance on the quarter-deck would have satisfied the vanity of any old-time prima donna—and very effective it was on the stage.

In the event Britten and his collaborators have certainly been justified in turning Melville's story, which Ghedini treated as an anecdote in one act, into a full-length opera in four acts, though whether it should be quite as long as it is, is a question to which a definite answer may be deferred until the score is more familiar. At last Saturday's performance in Covent Garden I had the impression that nearly every scene, especially in the first act, was protracted beyond the limit of its dramatic and musical interest. (Parenthetically, may I plead for a performance in the Third Programme of Ghedini's lyrical little piece for contrast and comparison?)

About the music itself, too, I prefer to defer



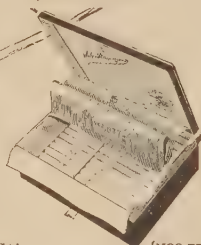
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final judgment—or, if you like, to hedge—until I have heard it all again in the broadcast next week. For what it is worth, my first impression was that, while the characters and the action were always fully realised from the dramatic point of view, their ultimate fusion into music had only been achieved now and again. The third act, with its excitement of battle emerging out of the fog and then frustrated by the return of calm and mist, followed by the personal

tragedy of Claggart's death, is wholly successful. The music creates the atmosphere and illumines the drama. But where in the opening act was the tang of salt air and the sound of the sea that we expected of the composer of 'Peter Grimes'? And did not the shanty-chorus in Act II fall far, far short of the similar chorus in the Boar Inn? I suspect that some of the faults, as they seemed to me, in the new work arise from the style of orchestral writing which

Britten has developed in the composition of his chamber-operas.

During the week I heard two beautiful performances by Miss Nancy Evans of Lennox Berkeley's 'St. Teresa' songs, the last three of which dissolve the poems into real melody; and a magnificent one of Brahms' First Symphony by the Hamburg Radio Orchestra, of which I hope to write more next week.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Paul Dukas and the Influence of Beethoven

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Dukas' Piano Sonata will be broadcast at 7.15 p.m. on Saturday, December 15 (Third)

IT is always a moving experience to see the admiration and respect of the more discerning minds among the musical public for an artist who has not quite fulfilled his mission. Perhaps it is the knowledge that the values of success, or for that matter of failure, can never be finite; that fulfilment for the creative artist, on the rare occasions when it is nearly complete—it can never be entirely complete—must leave a most awful void hardly less agonising than the frustration of the imaginative though unproductive artist—perhaps it is such purely human aspects of a composer's work that will all the more endear his achievement to his fellow-musicians. One is grateful that a composer of music is after all human. And if his entire achievement turns out in the end to be relatively small and incomplete—well, how high-minded is such a musician to renounce success for the untiring pursuit of an ideal even though it remains undefined at the time of his death.

Such reflections are prompted by a perusal of the handsome memorial tribute to Paul Dukas published by *La Revue Musicale* shortly after his death in 1935. For the last twenty years of his life Dukas' severe self-criticism as a composer had condemned him to silence and to seek a reflection of his ideals in the efforts of his many talented pupils. Even during his more fertile years his completed works had been few: an early overture and a Symphony, the wonderful 'Sorcerer's Apprentice' and the Piano Sonata, the opera on the play of Maeterlinck 'Ariane et Barbe-bleue', the piano variations, 'La Péri', and the list is nearly complete. Yet the distinguished men of letters and musicians from many countries who paid homage to Dukas in this memorial volume were unanimous in declaring his art to have been a vital and original contribution. The young Olivier Messiaen considered the philosophical symbolism of 'Ariane et Barbe-bleue' to have been inspired by the example of John the Baptist. Sir Thomas Beecham held 'Ariane' to be one of the finest lyrical dramas of our time and proposed to produce it without delay (which he did, in the pre-war years at Covent Garden, with memorable success). Paul Valéry recognised the nobility and integrity of a rare philosophical spirit in music who owed as much to Descartes and Schopenhauer as to Rameau, Beethoven, and Wagner. The virtuosity of Dukas, he observed, 'n'était point le fruit d'une quantité d'exercices tant que la récompense d'une méditation perpétuelle des rapports des moyens de la musique avec son objet'.

'Objet' in this sense means aim, and it was precisely the aim of creative activity that was always likely to be in doubt in Dukas' mind. As a youth he was a fellow-student of Debussy, who was his senior by three years, in the class of Ernest Guiraud at the Paris Conservatoire. But although during this period of his develop-

ment he was closely associated with Debussy in a personal way, sharing his attraction to the Symbolist poets and in particular to Maeterlinck, he remained unaffected by either the spell of the new Debussy art or the lyrical grace (deriving from Massenet) of his master Guiraud. He was to find a way of his own. The early symphonic poems of Richard Strauss made the first important impact, the result of which was 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' of 1897. Thereafter the principal influence, often disguised or absorbed in an individual manner, seems to be Beethoven—the Beethoven of the late sonatas and the 'Diabelli Variations'. The eternal problems of form and content are now his main concern, and it is significant that the principal works of Dukas show some remarkable examples of the variation form. The variations in Act II of 'Ariane et Barbe-bleue', prophetic of the variation form used for dramatic purposes by Alban Berg and Benjamin Britten, the vast Beethovenian 'Variations sur un thème de Rameau', not to speak of the more tentative use of the variation form in 'L'Apprenti Sorcier'—such examples provide an interesting clue to the complex mind of Dukas which could never accept the obvious and which must surely have been attracted to the variation form precisely because it is the mould best calculated to display an imaginative infinity of possibilities. This mould (thirty-three variations concluded by a fugue) is perhaps the simplest of musical structures in the scholastic sense though, paradoxically speaking, it can also be the most complex structure. Certainly in the hands of a Dukas, a Delius, or a Mahler it is the philosophical structure *par excellence*. Even in the symphonic poem of oriental character, 'La Péri', which might have been modelled on the Venusberg music from 'Tannhäuser', a variation structure was probably at the source of Dukas' inspiration.

And there is another clue to the composer's personality to which I have already alluded but which may be defined more precisely. With the performance of 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' in 1897 Dukas was immediately established in the public favour. The public success of a work of Strauss himself had never been more striking. The composer, recognising the success for what it was worth, resolved not to exploit it for reasons of personal vanity but on the contrary to flee from it in search of . . . well, in search of what? Beethoven—Beethoven as he was interpreted to the French mind by César Franck, the middle-period Beethoven as he is reflected in the huge and somewhat recondite E flat minor Piano Sonata. This is the work that immediately follows 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' and which will be broadcast on December 15. The first movement of this seldom-heard work, first played by a famous pianist of those days, Edouard Risler, and probably receiving now its first performance in this country, is solidly built out of two themes

of contrasted character. The *andante* owes much of its serenity to discreet reiterations of the initial theme in the form of variations, while the impetuous, Beethovenian *scherzo* has a bridge passage in which Dukas shows himself to be a master of the fugue. In the immense finale, forming more than a third of the entire work, Beethoven seems to have joined hands with Franck and Liszt.

All these influences are evident enough, yet the Dukas Sonata is something more than a period work or even a work of the composer's still formative years. To my mind, its value today is as an illustration of a hidden though binding chain between the musical civilisations of France and Germany. We have seen this chain before—in Berlioz, in Franck, in the music criticism of Romain Rolland of course, but it is especially apparent, I think, in Dukas. And looking back over the composer's strange achievement, I am inclined to think, too, that ultimately the art of Dukas displays the assimilation of Beethoven in French musical thought in much the same way as the art of Debussy, extending over a much wider sphere, displays the assimilation of Wagner. These are matters, however, on which one cannot be dogmatic. I will admit that they cannot be more than the seeds of an aesthetic conception which, with time, may grow or wither. Yet Dukas may well have had some such conception himself. 'Il faut savoir beaucoup; et faire de la musique avec ce qu'on ne sait pas', he once paradoxically confessed. 'La véritable force de l'originalité est dans l'inconscience'.

*Essays from the Air* by Geoffrey Grigson, which has now been published by Routledge and Kegan Paul at 15s., consists of a number of broadcast talks delivered over several years in various services of the B.B.C. The topics range from grave-worms to Thomas Chatterton. Another book of broadcast talks just published is *The Background of Modern Poetry* by J. Isaacs (Boll, 8s. 6d.), containing a series of talks given in the Third Programme. A new series of bibliographies, of particular interest to book collectors, has been started by Rupert Hart-Davis. These volumes, called 'The S. H. O. Bibliographies', are under the general editorship of John Carter, Simon Nowell-Smith, and Professor William A. Jackson of Harvard. The first to appear is *A Bibliography of the Writings of W. B. Yeats*, compiled by Allan Wade, which contains a full description of everything the poet published, revised, edited, compiled, introduced, or contributed to, including notes and comments written by him in copies of his books. The volume costs three guineas. Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes has contributed to the 'Local History' series (No. 8), published for the National Council of Social Service and other bodies, an illustrated booklet on *Discovering the Past* (2s.), which deals with some of the facts of modern archaeology. For lighter reading *The Complete Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham*, Vol. II, is now available. It is published by Heinemann at 12s. 6d. and contains among others the Ashenden stories.



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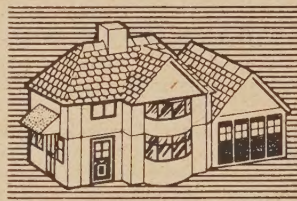
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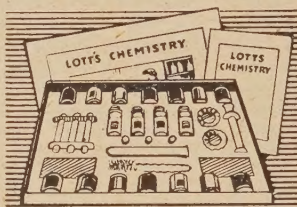
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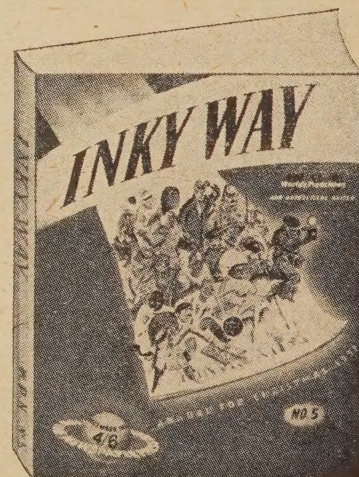
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## SPAGHETTI WITH CRAB

FOR FOUR PEOPLE you will need:

- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of spaghetti (or macaroni)
- A large can of condensed tomato soup or 1 lb. of fresh tomatoes
- 4 tablespoons of butter
- 4 oz. of chopped onion
- 2 oz. of green pepper (when available)
- Or 1 or 2 small dried chilis
- 4 tablespoons of flour
- 16 oz. of milk ( $\frac{3}{4}$  pint)
- 8 oz. of cheese
- 8 oz. of cooked crab
- Salt and pepper and Worcestershire sauce to taste

First cook the spaghetti: boil 2 quarts of water and spaghetti slowly. Boil for 20 minutes, drain off the water and rinse spaghetti thoroughly under cold water.

Now for the sauce, which you can be preparing while the spaghetti is boiling. In one saucepan, heat the soup, or tomato puree. In another saucepan melt the margarine or butter over a low heat. Add the chopped onion and green pepper or the dried chilis. Cook in the fat for one minute. Stir in slowly the flour, then add the milk. When the sauce is thick, add slowly the tomato soup, stirring constantly. Then add the cheese, cut up in small pieces, and stir until melted. Add the cooked crab. Lastly, you mix this with your spaghetti and stir until well mixed with the sauce

If it is more convenient you can prepare the entire dish hours beforehand, and re-heat by putting a tight lid on the saucepan and placing it over a larger saucepan with boiling water in it.

RUTH HILARY

## ARTICHOKE AND FISH SOUP

You will need some good fish stock which can be left over from previously boiled fish or can be specially made from fish skin, bones, and trimmings. Cover with water and boil gently for 20 minutes; strain.

Here are the ingredients for the soup for 4 people:

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of Jerusalem artichokes
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1 stalk of celery
- 1 oz. of margarine or dripping
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of fish stock
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of top milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Chopped parsley or paprika pepper to sprinkle on top

Peel and slice the artichokes. Peel and chop the onion. Chop the celery. Melt the fat and cook the vegetables in it for 10-15 minutes with the lid on. Shake the pan occasionally, and do not let them brown. Add the fish stock and boil until the vegetables are tender—about 20 minutes. Rub through a fine sieve. Re-heat, and add the top milk and season well. Serve with

the chopped parsley or paprika pepper sprinkled on top to give a splash of colour.

BEE NILSON

## SUGGESTIONS FOR SAVOURIES

Bacon sandwiches are made with thinly sliced bread and hot fried bacon with a little French mustard. Press the sandwiches until cool, then trim off the crusts and cut into squares.

Another good savoury is celery stalks filled with cream cheeses and chopped chives or parsley, or savoury tartlets filled with egg and cheese custard. Or you can fill these tartlets with all kinds of savoury mixtures—a particularly good one is flaked haddock in a cheese sauce.

CHRISTINE ANDREWS

## Some of Our Contributors

RONALD BRECH (page 951): on editorial staff of *The Economist*

ERWIN CANHAM (page 955): editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*

A. J. P. TAYLOR (page 961): Fellow and Tutor in Modern History, Magdalen College, Oxford; author of *The Italian Problem in European Diplomacy, 1847-49*, *The Habsburg Monarchy*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 967): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

## Crossword No. 1,127.

## Motley Mixture VII.

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There are no ordinary clues: the letters of the successive answers (in the usual crossword order) are to be found, mixed, in groups embedded in the accompanying prose; e.g., the words '... sphinx, see pensive ...' would give 'expense' (from 'x see pen'). To be put in the diagram. The first mixed 'across' word is in the first twelve letters (excluding the title), and the last in the last twelve letters, of 'The Gent and the M.P.'; and the first mixed

'down' word is in the first twelve letters (excluding the title), and the last in the last twelve letters, of 'The M.P. loses'. All punctuation and the like in the prose is to be ignored. The unchecked letters can be arranged as TRACER FEEDS ONE SAPPY FISH WITH PAGEANTRY.

### (ACROSS) THE GENT AND THE M.P.

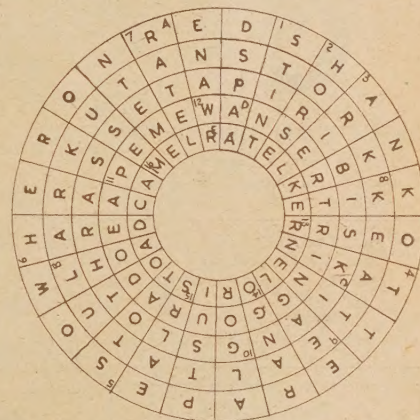
A depressed, tired gent collided perversely with a proud M.P. he knew, near the Marble Arch. The latter went down like a ninepin, but after two real gentlemen they both knew had picked him up, and said to the gent, 'That was a mad trick', they all went off together in a westerly direction. 'I am not a Japanese acrobat, you know', remarked the M.P. to the gent sternly. 'And I', said the gent, 'will remind you to heed lest worse come to you. Before we have parted you may be on your way to jug, martially conducted, and that will be a wrench for you'. 'Here, go easy!' said the M.P. 'I'll toss you for parcels and parcels of garments for needy inland revenue attorneys, with margarine thrown in, so set your mind at rest: I bear no malice'. 'Look straight in my eyes, Master M.P.', said the gent. 'By Euripides' olpe, O.K.'

### (DOWN) THE M.P. LOSES

It acted like a charm, and the other two rejoiced at seeing a threat so grave lift. All four, like brothers, went next to West Ham to see the gent's uncle about the parcels. Seven more yet there were to get, and they had seventeen already to send—ready-made garments in all of them, mostly, it seems, green in colour. The M.P. tested his luck in the toss, and lost. He took it with good grace, not stuffily, saying to the others, 'It is a pleasure. My sister Anna, a Senegal missionary (retired), will see the Marlhouse authorities, and arrange for some apt scion, perhaps a monitor, smirkingly to act as grand almoner, himself entering the attorneys' quarters. They will be gentlefolk, certainly, even if down at their heels'. The gent moaned a little at

this sentiment, but soon recovered, and the quartette thought it had been on the whole an amusing day for all of them.

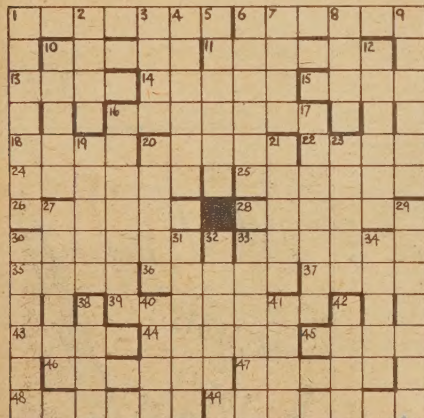
## Solution of No. 1,125



Prizewinners: 1st prize: G. Webster (London, S.W.7); 2nd prize: F. J. Pryer (Mottingham); 3rd prize: W. F. Windermar (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

### NOTES

Radials. 1. toolS TIN Tacks even. 2. the cASH OR SEe it. 3. couldn't hear I ELbowed. 4. not A KING in rummY. 5. fineST OATCAKES. 6. fooliSH ARE seldom. 7. will be safer AT ELEven. 8. work ITEm seven. 9. and hARE A GLEN like. 10. GO RALEigh! The Arts. 11. and sPARKS lit. 12. and loW RENTs. 13. The negRO Elected. 14. those poOR ANGLES. 15. theSE ALone. 16. bigaMOUS Elders. Circulars. 1a. These tiRED SHANKS in. 1b. I was hOITER oftener. 1c. the cheAPEst. 1d. rich—SO was Croesus. 1e. saw his father ONE very. 2a. The MudLARK received. 2b. sHOUT ANother rescue. 2c. MoST ORKney. 2d. I liKE AVE Maria. A flat (Ab) takes. 2e. wasTE ALone. 2f. is not A TUG in the port. 3a. 'You weak!' I ANGrily exclaimed. 3b. Nothing's LOTh to. 3c. I've asked Father. 'Won't he ever ASSENT?' 3d. bosh! TAP I Rang. 3e. CHIB is owned. 4a. Take ITAliAN SERVE with. 4b. if I canT RING. 4c. more viGOUR American. 4d. Won't he DO Everything. 4e. the sides tAPERing. 4f. soMEwhere. 5a. like RATHER short. 5b. is this reEL Known. 5c. Moss is the reindeER NEed. 5d. This atoL OR ISland reef. 5e. it TO Adhere. 5f. people CAME Late.



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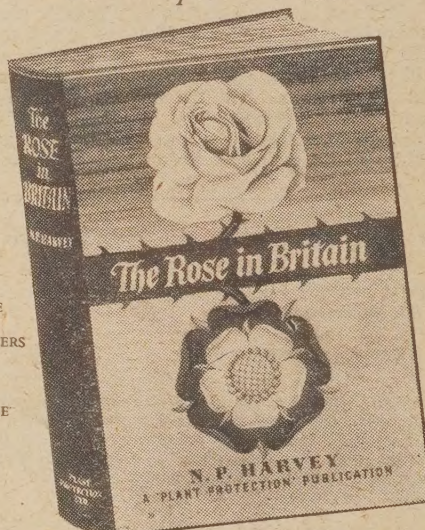
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